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HUSTLER®

JANUARY 2007

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

DAVID HOROWITZ VS. HUSTLER
A KNOCK-DOWN, DRAG-OUT DEBATE

JACKASS'S STEVE-O

"NICOLE RICHIE SLEPT WITH ME"

AMY ALKON SKEWERS MILITANT FEMINIST GAIL DINES

DIMITRA EKMEKTSIS CELEBS' ELITE CALL GIRL

VAGINAL SURGERY CREATING THE PERFECT P*SSY

ELECTRONIC VOTING
WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

UCLA ALUMNI
TARGET "LIBERAL" PROFESSORS

JANUARY 2007

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NEWBIE HANNA

COVERBABE HILTON

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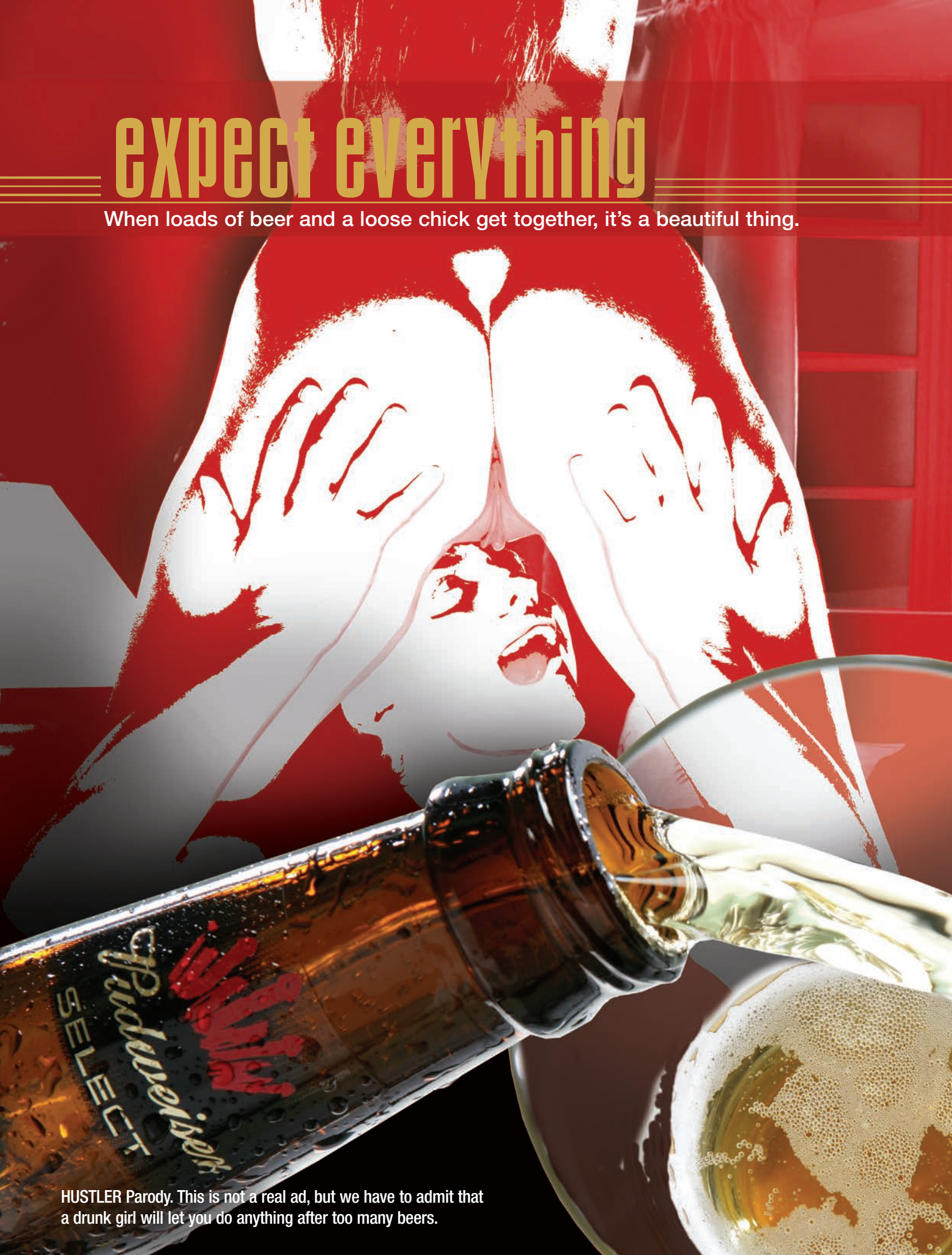
expect everything

When loads of beer and a loose chick get together, it's a beautiful thing.



HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad, but we have to admit that a drunk girl will let you do anything after too many beers.

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 33, No. 8, January 2007. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in May, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Here are my 2007 New Year's resolutions: I resolve to boycott all Tom Cruise movies that do not depict him as a homosexual, alien-worshiping control freak.

I resolve to stop trying to look up Katie Couric's skirt when she delivers the nightly news.

I will stop masturbating to Paris Hilton videos, unless it's one she makes for HUSTLER Video.

I resolve to have sex with neocon Ann Coulter even though I've never had sex with a guy before.

I will stop praying for God to strike down Pat Robertson. Oh, hell, I'll keep doing that!

I'll launch an all-out search for Alan Colmes's balls.

I resolve to send Bill O'Reilly 10,000 luffa sponges and 50 gallons of lube. (Don't worry; he'll know what to do with them.)

I promise to fight for your right to get lap dances in every city, town and hamlet in America.

I will stop cursing at the TV every time Tony Snow tells a lie. (I'm getting hoarse!)

I'll find something, no matter how trivial, that will make me praise George W. Bush.

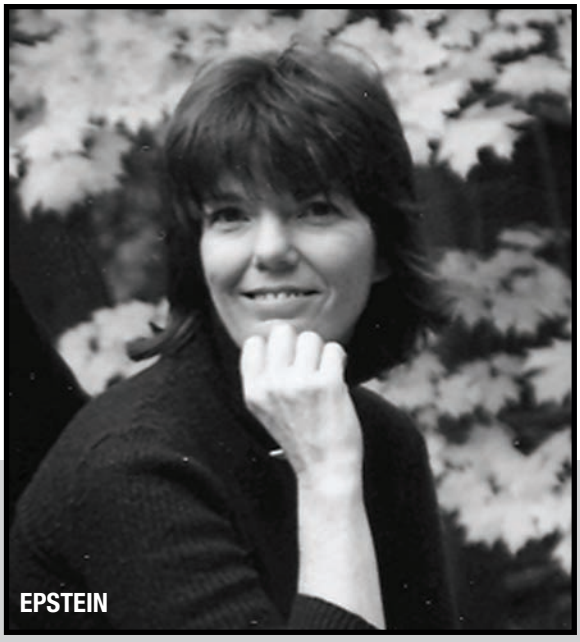
I'll find a cure for conservatism.

I will no longer read the *New York Times*, since it takes too long to get through the lies. (I prefer my lies short and to the point, the way they are on Fox.)

In an effort to fight world hunger, I will airlift food to Nicole Richie.

Finally, in 2007, I resolve to continue calling something bullshit when it is bullshit.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


EPSTEIN

Freelance journalist **Debbie Epstein**, a recipient of the distinguished Business Press Editors Award, has written extensively about women's health and psychiatric diseases for various medical publications. A graduate of Fairleigh Dickinson University with a B.S. in biology, Epstein is also well versed in a myriad of health issues facing consumers, executives, physicians, nurses and pharmacists. Knowledgeable and curious, she was the ideal choice to pen *The Vagina Dialogues* (pages 60-62), a look at female genital rejuvenation. Epstein—who enjoys watching films and has a weakness for chocolate—resides in West Milford, New Jersey, with her husband and a cat named Wilbur.

EKMEKTSIS

Dimitra Ekmektsis first gained national attention with reports that she was a paid consort of Aaron Sorkin, who would later create the hit TV show *The West Wing*. Born in Greece and raised in Germany, Dimitra read Xaviera Hollander's best-seller, *The Happy Hooker*, when she was 12. From that day forward she vowed to follow in the legendary prostitute's footsteps. Soon after moving to America in 1990, Ekmektsis was working for an elite escort agency. Having much to tell, she decided to write *Confessions of a High-Priced Call Girl*, from which we take an alluring excerpt (pages 76-77). Ekmektsis continues to turn tricks during stints at The Kit Kat Guest Ranch, a legal brothel near Carson City, Nevada.

STEVE-O McCARTHY

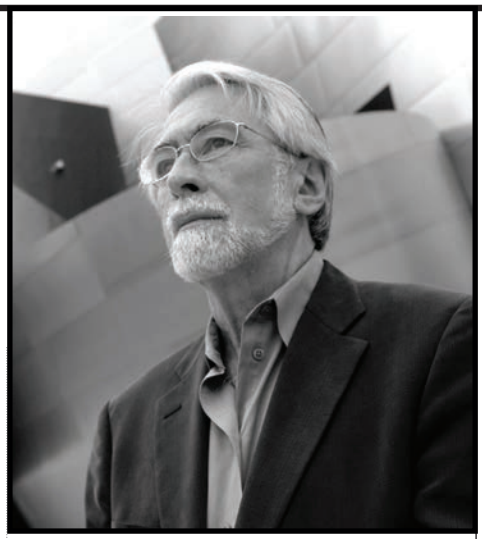
Michelle McCarthy graduated from California State University, Northridge with a journalism degree, then pursued a 9-to-5 existence that led her to HUSTLER. Before becoming our diligent Copy Editor, the L.A. denizen spent several years plugging away as a rock drummer in assorted dark and dingy clubs. Her musings on pop culture, music and body modifications have appeared in such publications as *The Advocate*, *OC Weekly*, *Tattoo Savage*, *Easyriders* and *Metal Hammer*. McCarthy's dazed-and-confused interview with *Jackass* jokester Steve-O begins on page 42.

FRIEDMAN

Brad Friedman—investigative reporter and publisher of the Web site BradBlog.com—has appeared on CNN's *Lou Dobbs Tonight*, CourtTV's *Cathryn Crier Live* and PBS's *Mental Engineering*. He also can be heard on Air America Radio, notably *The Randi Rhodes Show* and *The Majority Report*. Incisive and hard-hitting, Friedman's reporting has been noted by various media outlets—the *New York Times*, the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, the *Washington Post* and NPR, to name just a few. This month, Friedman—whose stories have graced *The Huffington Post*, *Editor & Publisher* and *Mother Jones*—follows up his September '06 and November '06 HUSTLER reports with *Rise of the Machines* (starting on page 80), which details electronic-voting debacles in 20 states.

NEW COLUMN!

Bush's BIG LIE



SOMEDAY, if our moribund democracy ever rises from its current coma, there will be a national inquiry to establish just how we could have so quickly and completely squandered the nearly universal solidarity the world offered us in the wake of 9/11 by becoming mired in an extraneous war in Iraq.

Exhibit A in such a long-overdue investigation could well be President Bush's March 6, 2003, press conference, several weeks ahead of his ill-fated "preemptive" invasion of Iraq. In it are embedded the hallmarks of his failures in the "War on Terror": Dishonesty, a willful misunderstanding of the world and a stubborn belief that the key to peace is the broad use of violence.

"This has been an important week on two fronts…on our war against terror," Bush announced, citing the capture of alleged 9/11 mastermind Khalid Sheikh Mohammed on the one hand, and the decision to go to directly overthrow Saddam Hussein in Iraq on the other.

Then, as he has done before and since, Bush repeatedly linked Hussein to the 9/11 attacks without offering any solid evidence of partnership. But Bush already knew, as the bipartisan 9/11 Commission would confirm, that invading Iraq was either an irrational "gut" response to the 9/11 attack—we need to win one in the Middle East—or an outright exploitation of that tragedy for some strategic ends.

Thus, Bush conveniently did not mention that Mohammed and the other leaders of al Qaeda were avowed enemies of Saddam Hussein, with nothing but contempt for his corrupt, secular dictatorship. Or that our nominal allies in Saudi Arabia and Pakistan had much, much stronger financial, religious and political ties to Islamic terror groups, including al Qaeda. No logic could get in the way of the Bush Administration's obsession with seizing Iraq.

Luckily for future historians and investigators, Bush's shameless use of this "Big Lie" technique was later directly repudiated by the bipartisan 9/11 Commission he himself appointed: "There is no credible evidence that we can discover, after a long investigation, that Iraq and Saddam Hussein in any way were part of the attack on the United States" was the unequivocal summary of bipartisan 9/11 Commission's cochair Tom Kean, a Republican ex-governor of New Jersey.

The Bush Administration, faced with this direct rebuttal did some fancy dancing to establish that it had never explicitly said Iraq assisted with 9/11. "The reason I keep insisting that there was a relationship between Iraq and Saddam and al Qaeda is because there was a relationship between Iraq and al Qaeda," the President testily argued in response to the 9/11 Commission's findings, while Cheney attacked the media for reporting them.

Actually, long before winning the great Florida chad war of 2000, the President and his neoconservative advisers had decided that Bush's father had made a mistake at the end of the Gulf War by allowing Hussein to remain in control of his now-defanged country, which holds the second-largest oil reserves in the world. Bush, who by all accounts has a terrible relationship with his father, was planning all along to send U.S. tanks to Baghdad — he just needed a rationale.

In what amounts to one of the great acts of cynicism in American history, the Bush White House decided to exploit 9/11 to get Iraq's goodies. With the smoke still hanging over the World Trade Center rubble, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld proposed they should take the opportunity to "sweep it all up, related or not."

Rummy made it sound so easy! But as a frustrated and disliked Bush has discovered, this "nation-building" stuff is tricky work. As in Guatemala, Cambodia, Iran, Haiti and numerous other countries where the United States has intervened in the past century, winning the military field of battle even in small countries is only the first and easiest part. In the long run, such imperialism in the guise of "democratization" is much more likely to spawn a Khmer Rouge, Ayatollah Khomeini or civil war as to build an ally like Japan. This is what the CIA calls blowback, and it is on display every day now in the madness of Baghdad.

Nor is such an experiment cheap, in taxpayer dollars and human lives. While "doing it right" in the eyes of many hawkish Democrats who supported the war but distance themselves from the consequences would be two or three times as costly, the leaner, meaner Iraq invasion planned by Rumsfeld is already more expensive than the Vietnam War—and with no end in sight.

Meanwhile, al Qaeda—remember them? The guys who started this?—has gained much from Bush's Iraq disaster, a sad fact now accepted even by those who most hawkishly favored the war. Writing in the *Washington Post*, Kenneth M. Pollack and Daniel L. Byman, two Democrats who vociferously supported the invasion wrote what should stand as its obituary: "The war in Iraq has proved to be a disaster for the struggle against Osama bin Laden. Fighters there are receiving training, building networks and becoming further radicalized…and the U.S. occupation is proving a dream recruiting tool for young Muslims worldwide."

Looks like George Bush is al Qaeda's main ally.

"It's the Republican congressmen, Warden. They're demanding work furloughs to golf, play poker and fuck some whores...in Scotland!"

Car Tuned

Some years ago you featured a cartoon with characters from the first *Toy Story* movie. I would like to see something similar, only this time with the characters from *Cars*. One idea shows Ramone getting off on Flo while fully extended on his hydraulics!

—Mark F. Pastell
San Diego, California

Whoa Nelly!

I know I'm not alone when I say that Jackie Nelly (October '06) is one of the most sensual women you've ever presented. She has a perfect body, and I would love to help in her quest for a partner to take care of that public sex thing. Oh, how a man can dream! But, seriously, I would love to help! **—J.E.**
Seattle, Washington

As a totally dedicated fan of your one-of-a-kind publication, I want to thank you for the Jackie Nelly pictures. I especially loved reading about her desire to have sex in public. I'd love to see more of this gorgeous young lady!

—D.J.
Ellensburg, Washington

Diebold Drama

Your article about whistleblower Stephen Heller and Diebold's unreliable electronic-voting machines (November '06) is pretty scary. The bullshit that's going on in America right now is a total Orwellian police state nightmare! If the Democrats can somehow take back the House and Senate—and let's pray that they do—this country will see what a bunch of corrupt motherfuckers the Republicans are. George Bush and the rest of his creeps make Nixon look like a Cub Scout leader.

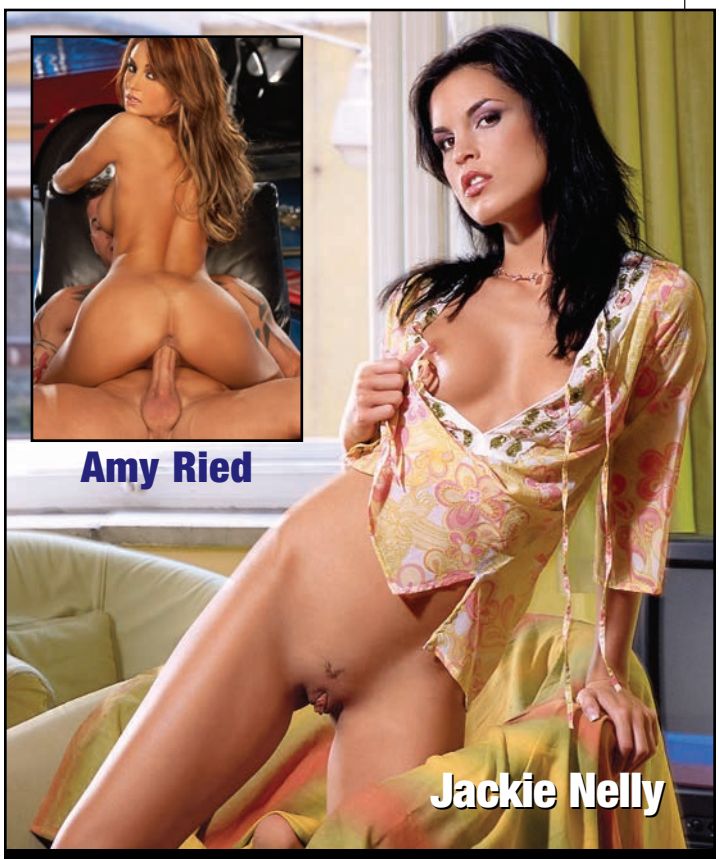
—Joe Citizen
Anywhere, USA

Devilish Fan

You guys fucking rock! Thank you so much for publishing pictorials of couples having sex that include penetration shots. Please don't change like *Penthouse* did. I stopped buying that mag because it totally pussed out. Instead, I started subscribing to your fine magazine because HUSTLER has the guts to print what we all want to see: wall-to-fucking-wall sex!

I also have the guts to mention that I am a Satanist. Followers of the Church of Satan believe in indulgence rather than abstinence. Since that sounds like HUSTLER's philosophy, you might want to do a story on Satanists.

Meanwhile, keep up the kickass work! I love you guys ...and girls! **—R.G.**
Redlands, California



Giving readers what they want, the October '06 HUSTLER was filled to the brim with hard-core couple pictorials and solo lovelies showing pink.

HUSTLER Magazine does not support any organized religion.

Church and State

Recent statements by Representative Katherine Harris (R-Florida) have again stirred the debate about the separation of Church and State. She said that the concept is "a lie we have been told" and that separating religion and politics is "wrong because God is the one who chooses our rulers." Harris went on to proclaim, "If you're not electing Christians, then in essence you are going to legislate sin."

The First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The federal government is prohibited from recognizing any particular faith as the official religion of the United States. This extends to any land or property owned by the government. Examples range from a local city hall to the White House, the vast wilderness to public parks and preschools to universities.

Therefore, if anyone wanted to erect a symbol of their particular religion on public land or property, provisions would have to be

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

I am a U.S. Marine currently deployed in Iraq with the 3/3 Kilo Company, 1st Platoon, and the guys and I look forward to each issue of HUSTLER we can get our hands on. Most of us have subscriptions waiting for us back home, but unfortunately, HUSTLER is hard to come by over here—no pun intended—because we are not allowed to purchase the magazine. I was wondering if you could help keep our morale up by sending some motivation to keep smiles on our faces and happy thoughts in our hearts while we fight the fight. Thank you for everything. **—Lance Corporal Kyle Zingo**
3rd Battalion, 3rd Marines,
K Company, 1st Platoon
Somewhere in Iraq

A motivating care package is on the way!

made to accommodate all the other religions as well. Consequently, in respecting the fact that all religions are equally affected by this prohibition, no one religion is recognized with favoritism, nor is any religion restricted in its practice. We simply agree as U.S. citizens that in order for our religious differences to be accommodated, there must be some form of neutrality when it comes to public land and property.

The government is also prohibited from restricting the exercise of an individual's or group's religion. This too extends to any land or property owned by private individuals and groups. Examples include churches, synagogues and mosques, as well as private schools.

The separation of Church and State was established by the Founding Fathers to prevent any one religion from influencing official policy against other religions. It was a compromise of facilitation, not of principle. Naturally, we must always guard against those who try to influence public morality with their own personal beliefs.

The problem with society today is that there is no respect for public ethics and morals. The main objective of capitalism has been corrupted into an ethos of materialism. The resulting hedonistic philosophy of "I, my and me" is what is ruining this country, not the restriction of religion in public places. We need to bring back the study of philosophy in our schools and begin a new nurturing of spirituality in our religions. Otherwise the seeds of destruction for our social experiment will have finally come to fruition.

—Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

Bible Belt Ban

Recently I tried to purchase Larry Flynt's BARELY LEGAL XXX Magazine, but was refused because I reside in Florida's 325 ZIP code area. *Very* Bible Belt.

I am enlisting the ACLU in an effort to receive mail-order pornography as an inalienable right to my pursuit of happiness. I grew up around my father's good porn, like *Color Climax*, and knew more about sex than most adults back then. I'm now 59, disabled and sadly alone. I can't afford to date a woman, and I have nothing to offer a nice-looking woman even if I do meet one. Also, I refuse to hire any of the diseased crack whores in my neighborhood.

My memories, though sweet, no longer provide stimulus, so masturbation is difficult. Still, I frequently like to relieve the pressure in my balls. Good pornography is the only stimulus available, and I've found that new images are much more arousing than my old favorites.

I believe that religious bigotry is behind my inability to purchase porn for my pursuit of sexual happiness.

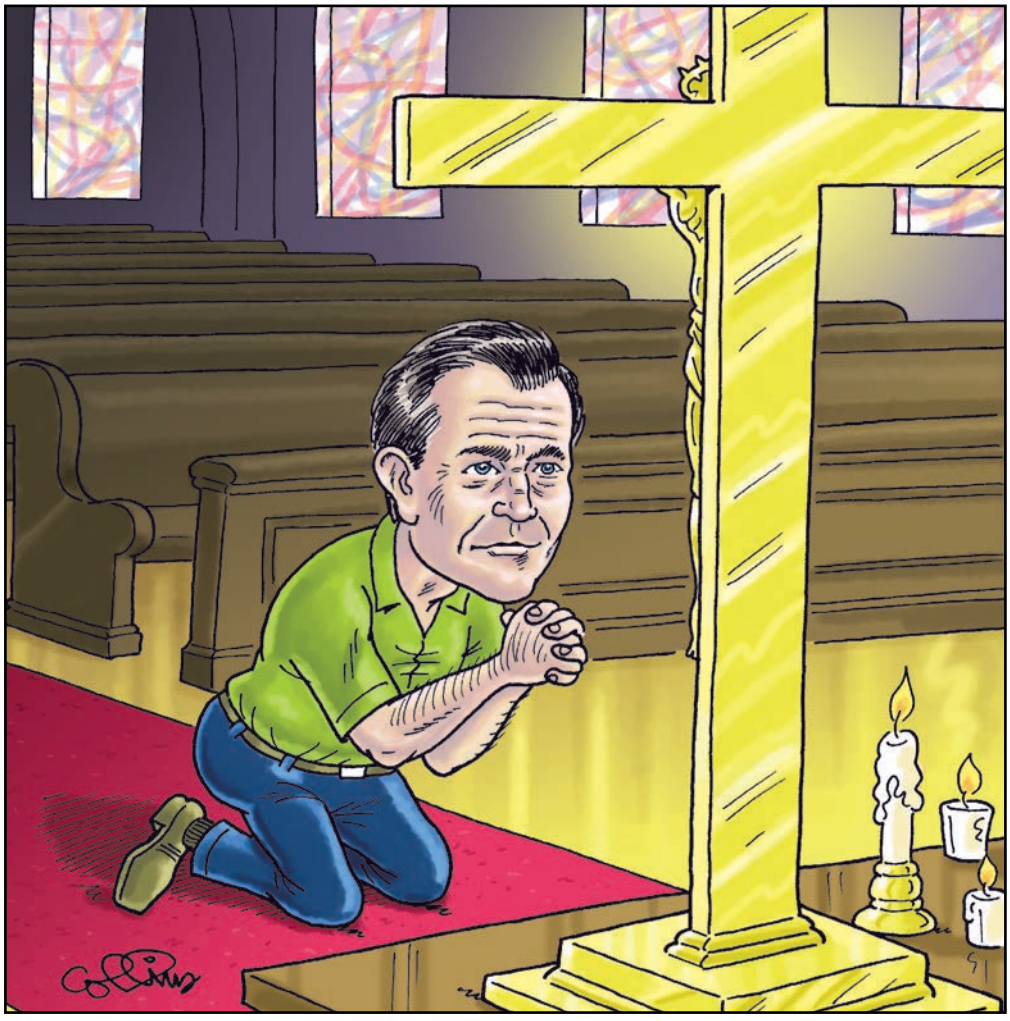
—Joe Royale
Pensacola, Florida

Ad Adversary

I have been a loyal HUSTLER reader for more than 20 years, but I just had to address my least-favorite part of the magazine. I am totally amazed that out of the 200 pages in each issue, 40 or so are filled with stupid, fucking, bullshit phone-sex ads. They're all a waste of my time and your ink. Hey, Larry, more hot ladies and humor, and less dick. If I want to see dick, I'll take mine out. It's about time you got a grip on HUSTLER, Larry. What was once a great magazine is really starting to suck. **—Mike B.**
West Islip, New York

Besides helping keep HUSTLER's cover price at a sensible level, the block of ads discreetly placed toward the back of each edition serves readers seeking phone sex or other needs. Every publication on the planet—whether a small-town newspaper or a 202-page, mass-circulation magazine like HUSTLER—relies on advertising revenue, Mike. Reality sucks.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"Forgive my sins, Jesus, you fucking Jew!"

Get Met. It Pays.

MOST OF THE TIME...

Like if you get an earache or a cold or athlete's foot. We'll even take care of you if you get herpes. After all, you've been a loyal customer who pays every monthly premium on time.

However, if it's something really serious—like cancer or leukemia, or if you need a heart transplant—well, then, you'll have to fight us for every penny.

But, hey, the other insurance companies are exactly the same way. Sure, we were recently forced to pay $1.7 billion to settle a class-action suit over fraudulent sales practices. But New York Life and Nationwide paid close to $100 million for screwing their customers, and Prudential was hit for almost $2.4 billion.

So stick with us. And that nagging rash? It's probably just a rash.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how America's insurance companies are screwing people in their hour of need. For more info, visit **BadFaithInsurance.org**. This political parody may be reproduced, in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Dick Morris

Former Presidential advisor "Dirty" Dick Morris exemplifies the problems of our political system. Ethics? They don't exist for Morris. Morality? The word isn't in his vocabulary. Well-being of the people? Dicky-boy has never heard of *that*.

Morris has two primary concerns: money and power.

We were reminded of this sleazeball when his sweating, pudgy face and beady eyes recently started popping up on TV programs like *Hannity and Colmes*, *Fox News Sunday* and *The O'Reilly Factor*. Out of the public eye for the past decade due to scandal, the one-time respected political consultant has finally crawled from his hole. Morris is now whoring himself out as a paid talking head on Fox News.

Given the network's history of biased reporting, it is hardly a surprise that the duplicitous wannabe pundit has joined its team. He supports Bush on the war in Iraq and on other issues. He is a consultant for Mexican President Felipe Calderón, who is believed to have stolen his country's recent election. Morris is the right-wing's favorite phony liberal who will gladly badmouth a fellow Democrat if the price is right. A glaring example is his 2004 book *Rewriting History*, which strived to discredit the Hillary Clinton memoir *Living History*.

Dick Morris has made a career of assisting scumbags. His Bush ties date back to 1980, when he ran an unsuccessful U.S. Senate campaign for Prescott Bush Jr., George W. Bush's uncle. Prescott Sr. (Dubya's grandfather), a former Connecticut senator, was a vice-president at W.A. Harriman and served on the board of Union Banking—companies that funneled millions of dollars to Adolf Hitler. In 1988 Morris worked on George H.W. Bush's Presidential campaign, pushing the job-killing NAFTA and masterminding racist TV ads depicting the Democratic candidate as being soft on crime.

Morris has also lent his conniving political skills to noted racist senators Jesse Helms (R-North Carolina) and Trent Lott (R-Mississippi); his strategies have helped the likes of Dubya appointee Tom Ridge and Republican Pete Wilson, who, when governor of California, was responsible for deregulating that state's energy market, an economic fiasco. By 1996 Morris was again working for Bill Clinton—with whom he got his start in 1978—on the Presidential reelection trail.

It was during this period that Morris cynically devised a shrewd move to keep Clinton in office, regardless of the consequences. His tactic was known as *triangulation*.

Realizing that the President could gain votes and donations by writing off the poor, Morris urged him to support a Republican-authored welfare bill. Even though Clinton opposed the measure, he caved in, ending federal government protection for America's poor by limiting a recipient's welfare payments to a total of five years. While Clinton jettisoned Progressive legislation, poverty-stricken families went hungry. Of course, Morris ignored *corporate* welfare, which cost taxpayers $167 billion in 1995, twice what was doled out to bona fide welfare programs that year.

Morris was paid handsomely for his consulting work. He received more than $90,000 in fees from October '95 through April '96; $21,000 in travel expenses; and a monthly retainer of $15,000. He also allegedly shared in big-ticket media commissions, such as percentages from TV ads booked by the Clinton-Gore camp.

It's all business as usual for Morris, whose family history probably laid the groundwork for what was to come. In 1996 Morris told *Time* magazine that he was the cousin of Roy Cohn, another Democrat-by-name-only, who was counsel for Senator Joseph McCarthy, the scoundrel who nearly trashed the U.S. Constitution in the '50s. Cohn was also an informal advisor to Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, as well as legal counsel to John Gotti and other mobsters.

In the fall of 1996, 12 hours before President Clinton delivered his acceptance speech to the Democratic National Convention, Morris shamefully resigned from his post as chief political strategist. All because of a nasty little sex scandal.

The emotionally crippled Morris, who has never been able to maintain a meaningful relationship with his wife, has a long history of seeking out prostitutes. In 1991 he fathered an illegitimate daughter with Texas escort Barbara Jean Pfafflin. Then, while working for the Clintons, he got in trouble for hiring a $200-per-hour whore named Sherry Rowlands. Worse, he let her listen in on calls with the President. Not surprisingly, Rowlands went public for $50,000. During a *Hard Copy* interview, the hooker gave the world a rare peek into Dick Morris's bizarroland, revealing that the Beltway heavyweight's favorite sexual fetish was toe-sucking.

Hey, Dick, we've got something else for you to suck on. And when you're done, you can kiss our ass!

Farts in the Wind

Katherine Harris, the woman who helped put George W. Bush in office, is at it again. Now the Republican representative asserts, among other insane observations, that America's separation of Church and State is a fallacy. "We have to have the faithful in government," Harris says. "That lie we have been told—the separation of Church and State…that is *so* wrong because God is the one who chooses our rulers." This time even Republicans had to admit that Harris is full of shit.

George Allen, a U.S. Senator from Virginia, is a bigoted Republican hick who may end up running for President in 2008. On the campaign trail, he recently called an opponent's staffer of Indian descent a "macaca," an Asian monkey. But Allen has a history of dumbass behavior, including beating the "South will rise again" drum to pander to his good ol' boy constituency.

"I don't care what the movie is! I've already got snakes on a plane!"

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

Deal Us In

Taylor Wane

WHO SAYS PORN STARS don't do anything meaningful with their lives? Some of the biggest names in the adult industry recently headed to Hollywood Park Casino for a worthy cause. Joanna Angel, Taylor Wane, Gia Paloma, Sunny Lane, Stormy Daniels and Gina Lynn, to name just a few, were on hand as the "Babes & Aces" poker night raised money to fight breast cancer. XXX fans not only had a chance to meet the sexy sirens, but also take them on in several rounds of Texas Hold 'Em. Poker and porn stars under one roof is a winning combination.

Carmen Hart

Carmen Luvana

Sunny Lane and Carmen Luvana

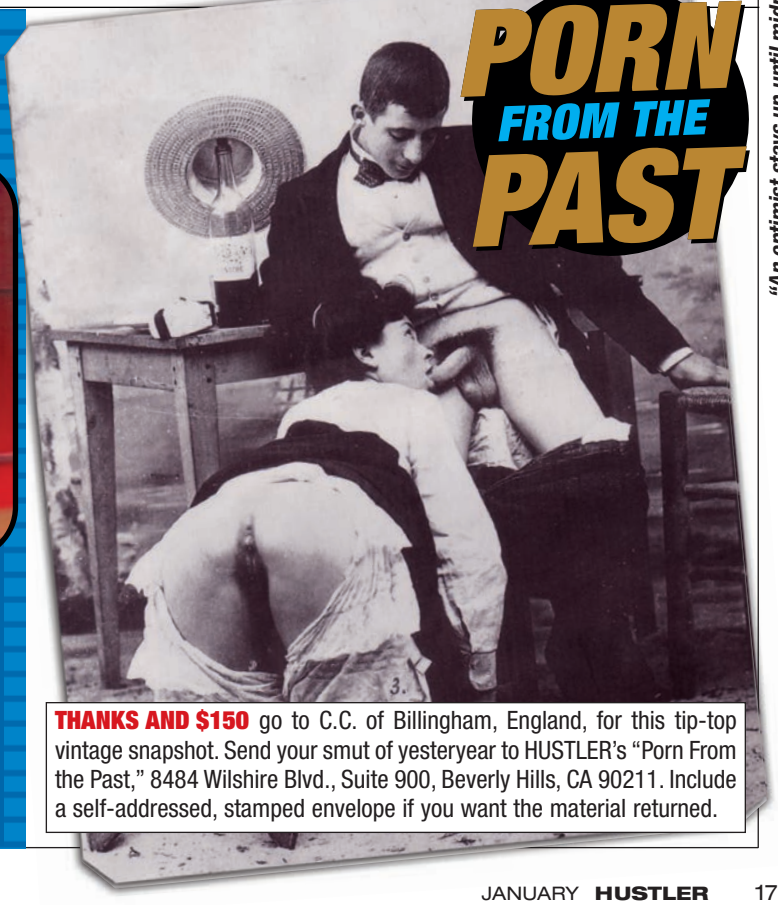
Joanna Angel wins a hand.

NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S SELECTION is Jennifer Gould from Fox 11 in Los Angeles. The lanky blonde lights up the small screen in Tinseltown as a nightly sports anchor.

Thanks to R.G for finding this foxy talking head. To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible) to: HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is printed here, you'll garner a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

PORN FROM THE PAST



THANKS AND $150 go to C.C. of Billingham, England, for this tip-top vintage snapshot. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"An optimist stays up until midnight to see the new year in. A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves." —BILL VAUGHAN, WRITER

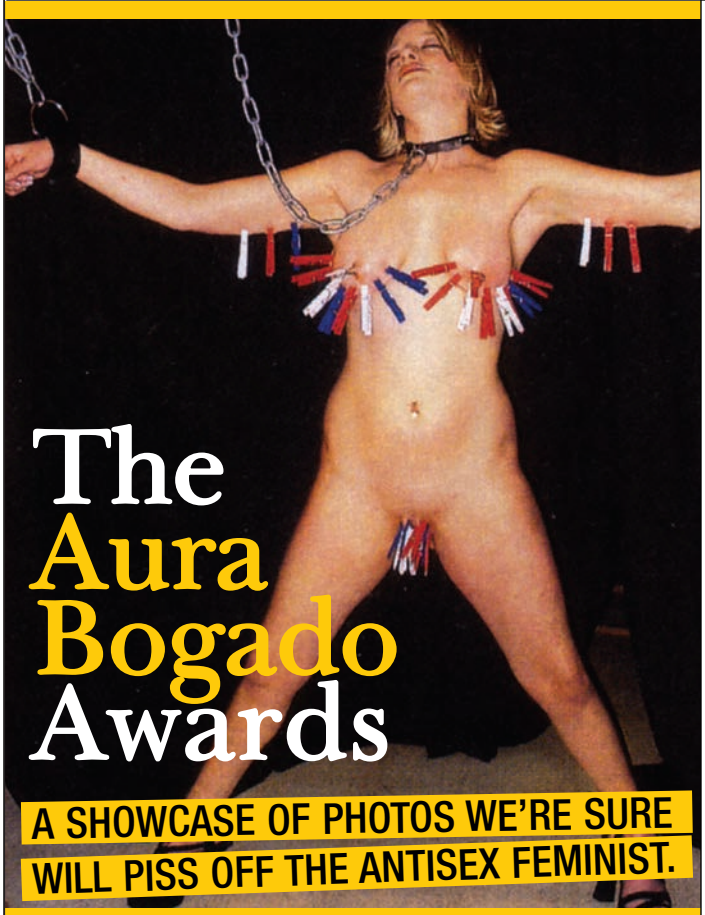
"New Year's resolution: To tolerate fools more gladly, provided this does not encourage them to take up more of my time." —JAMES AGATE, DRAMA CRITIC

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Carmen Electra LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

POOR CARMEN MUST BE SO SAD and lonely after divorcing that half-a-fag guitarist **Dave Navarro**. She probably needs a little bit of consoling. We'll do even better, offering Carmen a shoulder to cry on, a caring ear that's willing to listen and, of course, a hard, meaty cock to suck on.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Carmen Electra actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.



The Aura Bogado Awards

A SHOWCASE OF PHOTOS WE'RE SURE WILL PISS OFF THE ANTISEX FEMINIST.

▶ **AS LONG AS A WOMAN KNOWS** how to cook for us and deliver in the bedroom, we're willing to forgive her for not knowing how to do our laundry. We just hope she'd follow the example set by this willing wench (depicted in a recent issue of our sister magazine HUSTLER'S TABOO) and do something creative with the clothespins.

Be UNSEEN

COVERING THE EYES just like a superimposed censor bar, these cool novelty sunglasses allow you to make the scene and remain anonymous. Go ahead. Slap on a pair and act like an idiot. Your secret is safe with us. Get 'em at **Stupidiotic.com**.

NEWSBITES

Coochie Collector

Try this for your defense the next time you get caught redhanded. An Englishman was busted and tried for taking dozens of "upskirt" photos of unsuspecting females in public places. The shutterbug claimed that his intent wasn't sexual gratification, but rather that he was a habitual collector who got joy out of cataloging his pervy portfolio. Yeah, that's why we've stockpiled so many porn DVDs. We don't watch them. We just get gratification out of organizing the flicks in alphabetical order.

"I Don't!"

All set to take the big plunge, a British man was finally going to ask his longtime girlfriend to marry him. He even went out and bought a 2.5-carat ring. Sadly, when the bloke popped the question, his cold-hearted bitch of a mate turned him down. The rejected Romeo was so angry that he threw the ring into the hat of a nearby street beggar. Dude, don't give the diamond the toss. Give the broad the toss!

Literally Fingered

A would-be burglar in Hamburg, Germany, couldn't pull off the heist and didn't leave any textbook clues—just a body part. When spotted trying to rob a social club, an unknown male took flight. In his hasty escape he scaled a fence, ripping off one of his fingers. The bleeding would-be thief then disappeared into the night, minus an index finger. Investigators discovered the suspect's dismembered digit and used it to scan a local database of fingerprints of known felons. Hence, the authorities used the guy's finger to finger him.

Keep a Cool Head

Upon their death, adherents of cryonics have their bodies (or sometimes just their heads) frozen in hopes that science will find a cure for what killed them and bring them back to life by 2050. Ironically, after being in the deep freeze for some 22 years, two of the cryonic movement's founders had to be cremated. Seems the generator keeping their corpses chilled broke down and went undetected for days. Talk about a major meltdown.

Sign of the Times

IF ANY WOMEN OUT THERE are looking to pay for a full, luscious penis, we know several readers who will provide one absolutely free.

Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, you'll get a signed check for a hundred bucks.

HARD CORK ACTION

THE BRAINCHILD of cartoonist Jason Hogmalion, these corks are perfect for spicing up your wine rack. Available at Hogmalion.com.

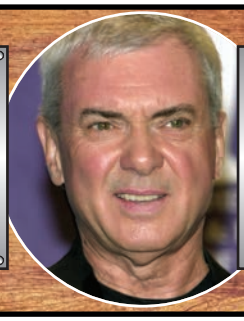
"The proper behavior all through the holiday season is to be drunk. This drunkenness culminates on New Year's Eve, when you get so drunk, you kiss the person you're married to." —P.J. O'ROURKE, AUTHOR

SPORTIN' WOOD

THESE MANNEQUINS are so lifelike that they were recently banned from the Miami Beach Swim Show for being "too sexy and inappropriate." Made by a California company, these provocative dummies are intended for upscale clothing and lingerie boutiques. See them for yourself at **SexyMannequin.com**.

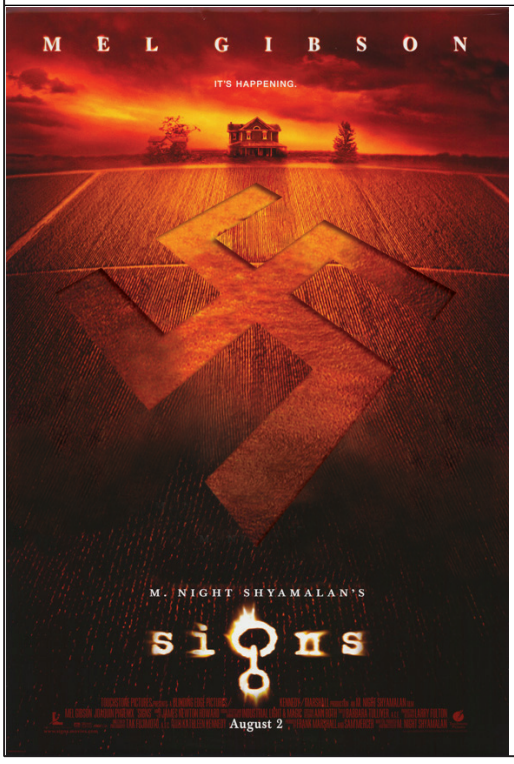
HUSTLER WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING CELEBRITIES BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.

JUNE POINTER
Jump, jump in the grave.



GENE PITNEY
What's a town without Pitney gonna do?

CASPAR WEINBERGER
Caspar the Unfriendly Ghost.



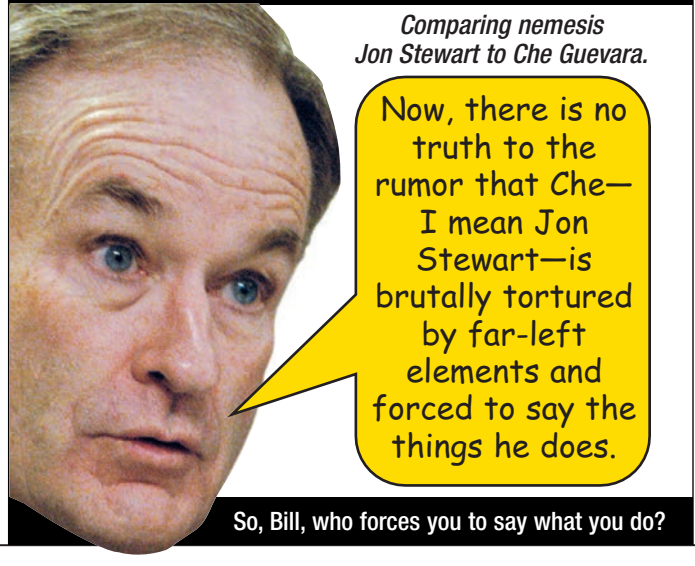
HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real movie ad.

Mad Mel

▶**WHILE MOST PEOPLE WERE SHOCKED** by Mel Gibson's recent hate-filled rants during an arrest on drunk-driving charges, we were not at all surprised. A closer look at his film posters reveals that the signs were always there.

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately

Comparing nemesis Jon Stewart to Che Guevara.


Now, there is no truth to the rumor that Che—I mean Jon Stewart—is brutally tortured by far-left elements and forced to say the things he does.
So, Bill, who forces you to say what you do?

THE HUSTLER LIFESTYLE IS HERE!

HustlerWorld.com

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
Hustler.com
BarelyLegal.com
BustyBeauties.com
HustlersTaboo.com
HometownGirls.com
AsianFever.com

VIDEO ON DEMAND
HustlerVOD.com

LIVE VIDEO CHAT + WEBCASTS
HustlerLive.com
BarelyLegalLive.com

AFFILIATE MARKETING
HustlerCash.com
HustlerContent.com

RETAIL
HustlerHollywood.com

ONLINE GAMING
HustlerCasino.com

INFORMATION SITES
LarryFlynt.com
HustlerBarAndGrille.com
HustlerCasinoLA.com
HustlerClubs.com
HustlerClothingUS.com

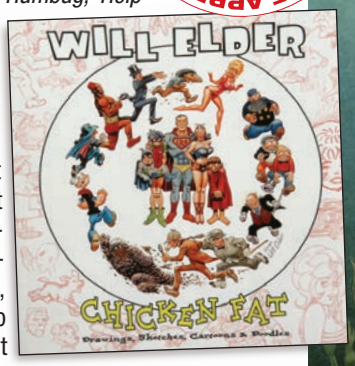
HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Chicken Fat

By Will Elder

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

ALONG WITH LONGTIME COLLABORATOR Harvey Kurtzman, Will Elder created some of the most memorable comics of the past century, not to mention helping establish the humor magazines *Trump, Humbug, Help* and, of course, *Mad*.



This month's Book Club pick, *Chicken Fat*, is a collection of Elder's "spiced up" or racy comics and parodies that never made it into print for one reason or another. The title, as the cartoonist himself explains, "is the part of the soup that is bad for you, yet gives the soup its flavor." Elder's inimitable "soup" includes sketches, cartoons and parodies of characters as diverse as Popeye and *Playboy*'s Little Annie Fanny.

Chicken Fat is available at book and comic stores or online at **Fantagraphics.com**.

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Jill Kelly: Lifetime Achievement Award

PHOTOS BY M. JOHNSON

"Hey, ladies!" Left to right: Casey Parker, Victoria Sin, Stormy Daniels, Aubrey Addams & Brittany Andrews.

Award winner: Strip club advocate Angelina Spencer.

PORN'S JUSTICE LEAGUE

SEX KITTENS AND LEGAL EAGLES ALIKE mingled at the Free Speech Coalition's 19th Annual "Night of the Stars" awards show in downtown L.A. The glittering schmoozefest gives the adult industry a chance to thank the bevy of First Amendment lawyers who battle at the frontlines of censorship. As one porn star put it, "They do what they do so we can do what we do!"

Red-carpet munchers Gianna Lynn and Sunny Lane.

"We will open the book. Its pages are blank. We are going to put words on them ourselves. The book is called Opportunity, and its first chapter is New Year's Day." —EDITH LOVEJOY PIERCE, POET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

HANNA HILTON

NATURAL WONDE

HANNA HILTON

Be gentle with Hanna, folks. This is her very first time. “I’ve never been in a nude magazine layout before,” the statuesque beauty discloses. “I hope the readers like me.” With her country-girl looks and winning smile (not to mention legs that don’t quit and a pair of massive mammaries), she’s sure to be a HUSTLER favorite. Speaking of Hanna’s hills, are they real? “They sure are,” the newcomer insists. “I swear. I guess things just grow bigger in Indiana.”

Now that she has an explicit spread under her belt, Hanna is eager to make it big. “I really hope to make a living at both nude and mainstream posing,” she says. “There would be nothing better than doing this full-time.”

For recreation the Hoosier hottie is just as eager. “I love going to the beach, swimming, camping, four-wheeling and hiking,” Hanna tells us. “I’m into all sorts of outdoor stuff.” Even getting down-and-dirty in nature? “Well, that’s kind of personal,” the natural wonder chirps, “but I once had sex at a truck stop. That’s about as daring as I get. I’m very traditional when it comes to sex. I only do guys, and I like the missionary position.”

Does the ultra-shapely goddess have any long-range aspirations? “I don’t think about the future too much,” Hanna concedes. “Right now I’m pretty open to whatever comes my way in life as long as it’s fun!”

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HANNA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Connersville, Indiana

AGE
21

BIRTH SIGN
Scorpio

EYES
blue-green

HAIR
blond

HEIGHT
5-8

WEIGHT
112

MEASUREMENTS
34D-24-32

“I once had sex at a truck stop. That’s about as daring as I get. I’m very traditional when it comes to sex. I only do guys, and I like the missionary position.”

PRICELESS NIGHT TO REMEMBER

I opened the door to find two incredibly beautiful females—one black, one white, both tall and lithe, in skintight dresses. A birthday present…to myself. You see, I had dreamed of a threesome since high school. I was 40 now, ensconced in a suite at a Vegas casino, and I was no longer going to deprive myself of my ultimate fantasy, even if it meant paying for it.

After introductions and the necessary arrangements, Lea and Jacklyn seductively stripped, pulled off my robe and admired my cock. Soon I was lying back on the king-size bed, a kneeling girl on each side of me, watching two pink tongues swirling over my boner. And when the dolls reached the tip, they French kissed, a scene straight out of my dreams. Then the ebony beauty, Lea, started tonguing my piss slit, licking up drops of pre-cum, while Jacklyn sank down to play with my teabags. The gorgeous blonde certainly knew what she was doing, lapping my ball sac as her buddy tended to my woody.

What followed was some sort of choreographed cocksucking maneuver. Lea hoovered my prick between her lips at the exact same second that Jacklyn suctioned both of my marbles into her mouth and rolled them around on her tongue. Fuck, I think it was as close as this man will ever get to heaven!

Actually, I was discovering that paying for sex has definite privileges. Number 1 was scripting my fantasy any way I pleased: what the harlots looked like, what kind of sex I wanted—oral, vaginal, anal and lesbo. I had paid premium rates for top-of-the-line, all-inclusive service from what was touted as Sin City's premier escort agency. Happy fucking birthday to me!

I was 15 when I lost my virginity to my mother's best friend. Sixteen, first blowjob. Eighteen, first butt-fuck. Twenty-one when I married a barely legal babe who'd promised me the world sexually—or, to be more specific, around-the-worlds, up the ass, threesomes and orgies. Lying bitch! Twenty-nine when we parted ways "amicably"—minus, of course, my house and the Land Rover. Going on 40 when I finally decided to start living again. Which brings us to the hotties double-teaming my pecker.

Now Jacklyn was fingering my anus, and Lea had sucked me back to her throat, and I'll admit, it was too good. I couldn't last any longer. I jizzed buckets. I came hard, and I came fast, but I wasn't worried. After all, I had all night. I'd paid for it.

Sweet Lea swallowed every drop of my jism, except for the mouthful she shared with her capricious pal. And so began Scene 2 of my ultimate fantasy—black-and-white girl-girl lez. The contrast was so striking, mocha and vanilla breasts pressed together, blond hair against raven black.

I leaned back into a pillow and watched as Lea pushed Jacklyn face-first into the mattress and began paddling the blonde's ass with her bare hand! It wasn't a part of the script I'd envisioned, but what a pleasant surprise! Jacklyn's ivory tush turned pink, then red, as my cock turned into granite. I slipped a fist around my hard-on, but why just watch, right?

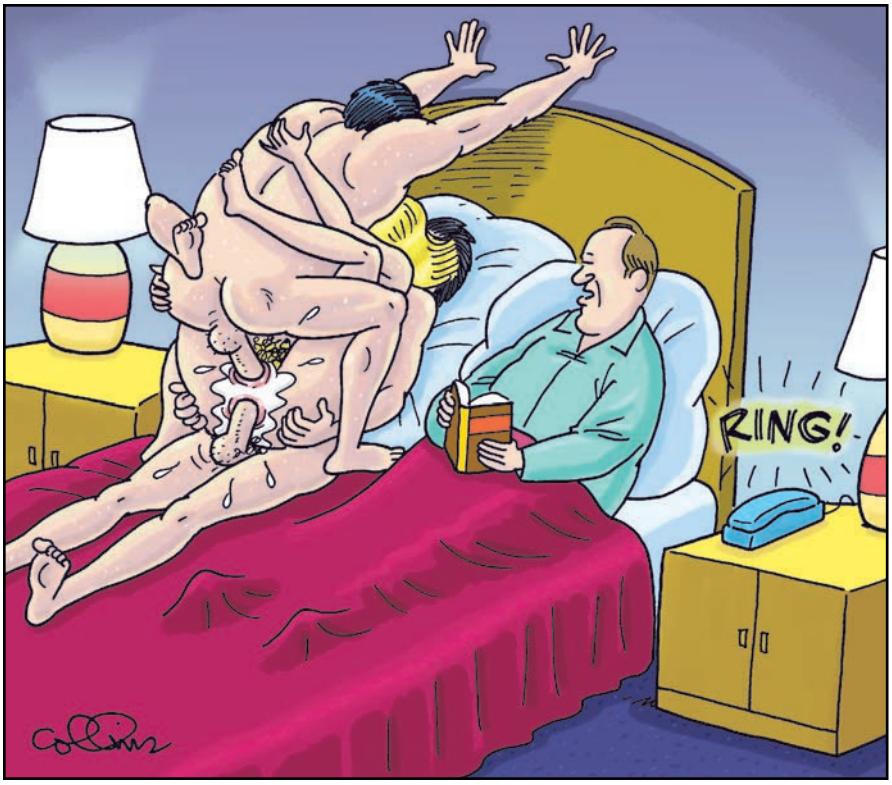
Moving onto my knees behind Lea's butt cheeks, I pressed my thick fuck stick against her quim. Chocolate spread to shiny pink as her twat clutched the flared helmet and practically sucked the rest of my rod in. *Mmmm*. Meanwhile, Lea was swirling her taster over Jacklyn's labes, and the blonde was clawing at the sheets, moaning and writhing with climax.

It was better than I'd dreamed, and I was wondering why in the fuck I had waited till my 40th birthday when I felt a hot tongue push into my bunghole, and then I couldn't think anymore. Lea's incredible cunt muscles were squeezing my meat from tip to base while Jacklyn was rimming my brown-eye. Both ladies were frigging their clits and making little gasping noises.

Palming Lea's breasts, I lunged deep into poontang over and over again. My nuts tightened. I saw sparks, then fireworks, and I was coming again—the best climax of my life. I pulled out in time to paint white lines across Lea's ebony ass cheeks, then had the distinct pleasure of watching Jacklyn lick her friend clean.

Take my advice: Don't wait until you're 40 to live your fantasy. —P.S.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA



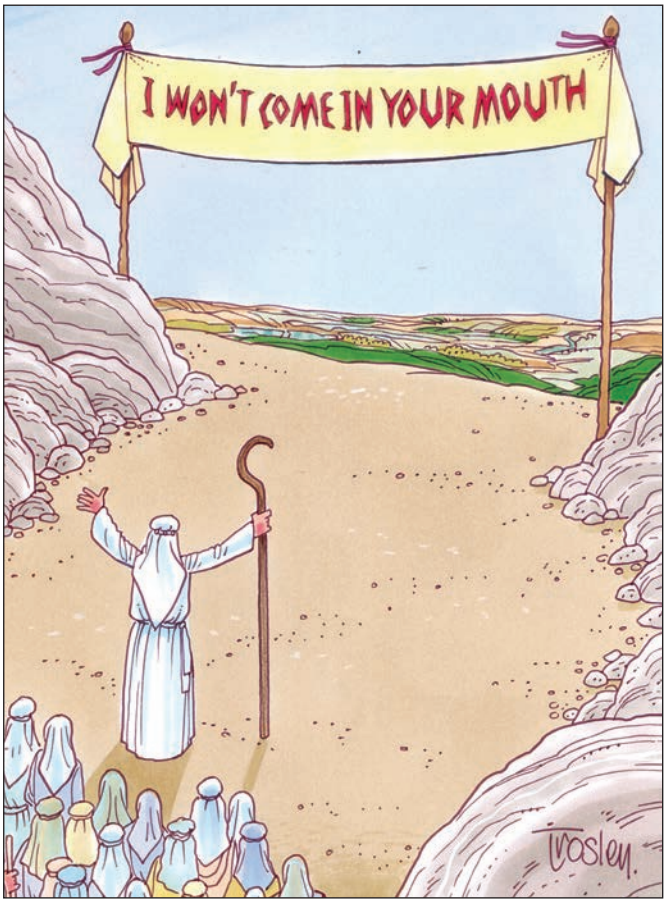
"You want me to get that, honey?!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

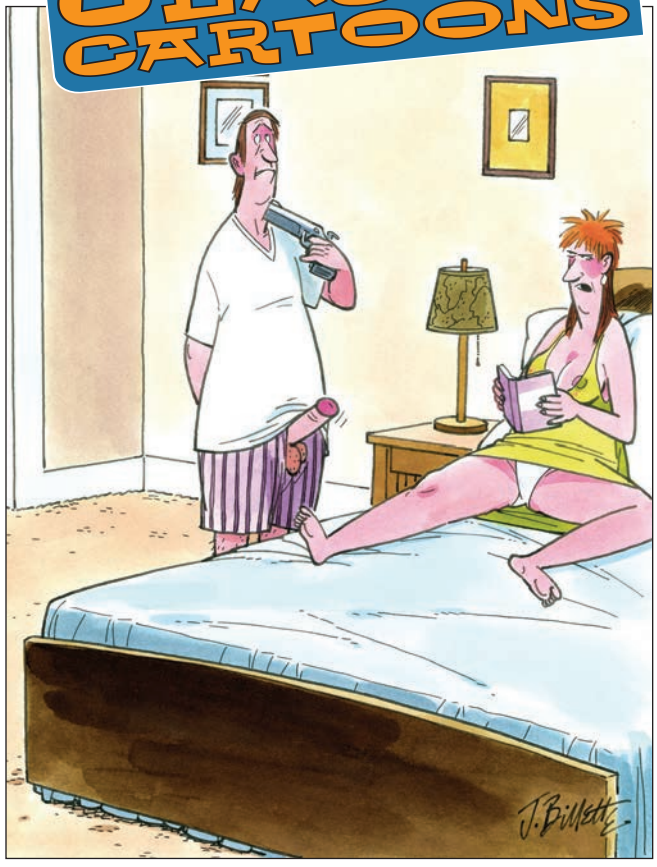
"Hi. I'm Martha Stewart. You know, if you spit on the end of your dick, it slides into a dry pussy much easier."

Every Academy member's nightmare.

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Behold...the Promise Land!"



"Oh, all right! Go get the damn butt lube!"

GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL

CONTROL FREAK

SplitFish GameWare offers players a new way to maneuver and manipulate with the world's first L-Type controller. Dubbed the DualFX Controller, the device features a laser guidance navigation system and ergonomic grips that don't sacrifice precision. Supports all games.

MLB '06: THE SHOW HITS A GRAND SLAM

Sony Computer Entertainment America goes yard with its phenomenal new baseball sim, ***MLB '06: The Show***. The game provides an in-depth simulation with broadcast presentations, cut scenes and more than 3,000 player animations, featuring personalized stances, swings, batting rituals and pitcher releases. This winner also offers career, franchise and online modes, as well as play-by-play and color that must be heard to be believed. For the PS2 and PSP, ***MLB '06*** lets you be the boys of summer no matter what the season is.

DAEMONICA GOES MEDIEVAL ON YOUR ASS

Meridian 4's adventure mystery ***Daemonica*** offers players a "top-down" viewpoint that gives the RPG a unique look and feel. Taken back in time to medieval England, you play Nicholas Farepoynt, an investigator and demon hunter who can speak with the dead. Go ahead. Ask Glenn Ford where the bodies are. For the PC.

GET CIVILIZED

2K Games has released Sid Meier's ***Civilization IV: Warlords***, the first expansion pack for the award-winning and best-selling ***Civilization*** series. The add-on incorporates a host of the ages' greatest military minds in six new and unique scenarios that offer players the chance to change history. ***Warlords*** includes new civilizations, leaders, units and buildings. For the PC.

GO POSTAL EXCLUSIVE CHEATS!

ONLY IN HUSTLER!

The **Go Postal** series has got to be one of the coolest games to hit the PC since **Doom**. We spoke to our pals at the game's production company, **Running With Scissors**, who gave us these exclusive tips, cheats and screens for **Postal 2:**

***PISS ON A DONUT.** DON'T EAT IT! Just pick it up. Drop it someplace where a policeman will find it. Chances are he will eat it. Watch what happens!*

***MORE FUN WITH PISS.** In the Apocalypse Weekend add-on pack you can reanimate dismembered zombie torsos! Here's how: The torso must be headless and dismembered at the waist, but must still have both arms. Piss on it until it starts to float. Now it will follow you and attack your enemies!*

***PICK UP CATS** and enter the tilde "~" button to access the cheat menu, then type in "rockincats." Now cats will come out of your gun instead of bullets. Vinnie! Looters! Grab the Siamese!*

***IF YOU GET SET ON FIRE**, piss up in the air so it splashes back down on you. The fire will go out. You can piss out other people who are on fire too. But don't forget to zip your zipper back up afterward, or you might get arrested.*

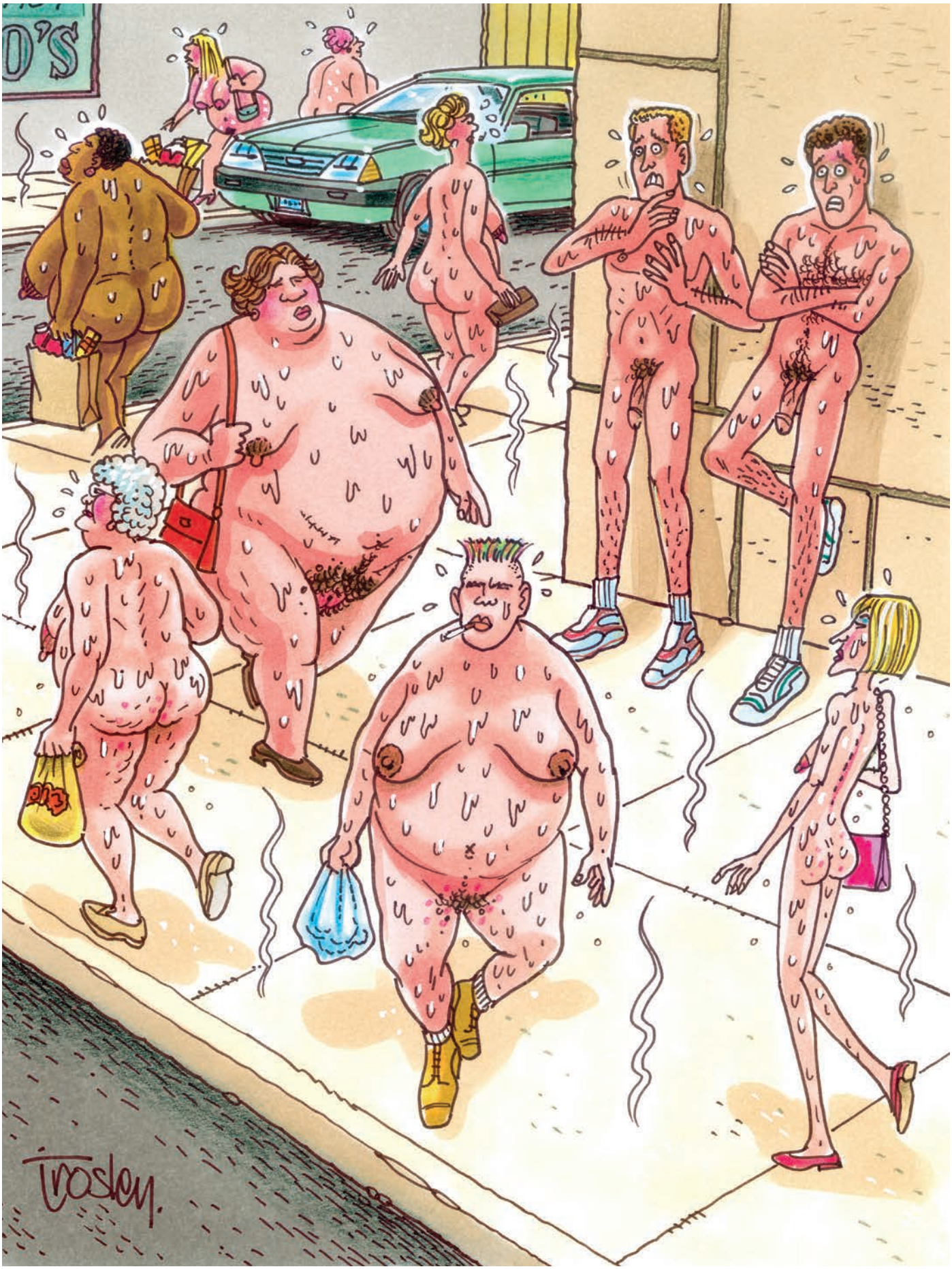
***SMOKE CATNIP** to get a cool variation on the "bullet time" concept. In **Postal 2** you get to move and shoot as normal, but everyone else is in slow-motion. See how high in the air you can launch people by shooting them repeatedly with the machine gun! It's fun!*

***IF YOU PLAY FETCH WITH DOGS OR JUST FEED THEM JUNK FOOD**, they will become your friend. They will follow you and defend you against attackers. You can also run up and kick someone, which will cause the dog to attack them.*

***CLIMB UP ON TOP OF BUILDINGS AND HOUSES**. You'd be surprised what some people have lying around up there.*

***IF SOMEONE THROWS A GRENADE AT YOU**, kick it back at them! You can also do this against rocket attacks, but it's really difficult.*

***THE GASOLINE CAN** is the coolest weapon ever made. Try this: Find the marching band. Move far enough ahead of them that they can't see what you're doing. Pour out a HUGE puddle of gas in the middle of the street. Then, starting in the puddle, continue to pour out gasoline while slowly walking backward to lay out a trail of fuel leading away from the puddle like a fuse. Wait until the marching band is walking through the giant puddle, then drop a match! Talk about flaming!*



"This is one evil of global warming Al Gore didn't warn us about!"

HIGH-TIMES WITH STEVE-O

Our favorite stuntman/actor/gross-out prankster dishes on a night in Nicole Richie's bed, getting arrested for obscenity and his most recent brush with death.

AS A MEMBER of MTV's hugely successful reality show *Jackass*, Steve-O emerged as the go-to guy for the crew's most whacked-out misadventures. Whether snorting lines of wasabi, luring alligators with raw chicken hanging from his backside or setting himself on fire, the former circus clown is always looking to push the cringe-worthy envelope. With the follow-up to 2002's big-screen version of the show—*Jackass: Number Two*—in theaters, Steve-O is serving up a whole new batch of stunts that should not be tried at home. When we caught up with the party animal at the legendary Rainbow Bar & Grill on the Sunset Strip, Steve-O was taking a break from the madness, kicking back with his buddies and feeling no pain.

HUSTLER: You were photographed hanging out with Nicole Richie after she called off her engagement. What went down with her?

STEVE-O: I never had sex with Nicole Richie, but I totally jerked off in her bed three times. She was asleep the first time. There's no way I didn't giggle when I blew a load. She was awake for the second two times.

What was Nicole doing?

Just minding her own business, really. What a jerk to talk about it, but it *is* HUSTLER. And I'm defending her honor. I did not make love to her; I never said I did. I said I jerked off in her bed three times. She didn't help me jerk off, but I think she liked it. She said, "Girls love that fucking shit when you jerk off for them."

I've always been pretty good about jerking off. It's so much better to just jerk off with a chick

PHOTO BY BEN KALLER

*Getting down and dirty in the latest **Jackass** installment.*

Steve-O develops an aversion to seafood. His knuckles say it all.

PHOTO BY BEN KALLER

sometimes 'cause there's no pressure. There's no stress. You can just rub one out, you know?

What other famous chicks have you had sex with?

I humped this chick from *The Real World*. Robin.

From the San Diego cast?

Yeah, with the big boobs. You'd think that playing with poo wouldn't turn on chicks. As it turns out, it doesn't matter what you do. As long as it's on TV, it will turn them on.

You've performed some insane stunts. What's the worst injury you've sustained?

I jumped off this balcony, and I landed on my face on the ground floor. I broke my cheekbone, I had seven broken teeth, I had ten stitches in my chin, and I had a broken wrist. I was trying to impress a fat chick at a keg party. I wasn't even videotaping it. I was fucking wasted, telling her how I was going to be a stuntman on *Superman* one day. [I told her to] picture a rad fight scene where I get thrown off the roof, and I just jumped off the balcony. I don't even remember hitting the concrete.

What does your family think of how Stephen Glover is now making a living?

My dad's really involved in my life and career. He's always looking over my shoulder. He's scared shitless about me having cancer or about my health in general. He said with the way I live and my lifestyle, he's worried about my health. It just occurred to me that maybe I got a little too high for this interview.

What happened with your recent heart problem?

It's fucking scary, man. My dad really pressured me to go and get my health checked out. Dr. Drew [Pinsky of radio advice show *Loveline*] turned me onto the UCLA Executive Physical Program. So I went in there for the most comprehensive physical I could get. I took off for India to film *Jackass: Number Two*. I came home, and there was a phone call from the doctor saying that he wanted me to come in to talk about my results.

I was really just wanting to find out that my wiener was okay. The guy was like, "Your wiener's okay, but your heart's messed up." He says, "You've got the heart of a 90-year-old man, and if it doesn't correct itself, you won't live to the age of 40." I'm 32. I'd still rather have a fucked heart than a fucked-up wiener. He told me that alcohol had a lot to do with it. I really thought I was dying. I went to a heart specialist, and he told me that it wasn't so bad. I feel like it was a misdiagnosis.

But you're still trying to curb your drinking?

Had I not gotten drunk two nights ago, today would have been three weeks without booze. I've been off booger sugar [cocaine] since January 7 [2006]. I haven't done cocaine in over five months now. But, fuck yeah, I smoke weed!

PHOTO BY SNEAUX SHOES

How much were you drinking?

Oh, I was gnarly. I don't know if you ever saw me on [*Too Late With*] *Adam Carolla*.

We saw a clip of it online, but until then we weren't aware that Carolla even had a show.

Exactly! Fucking jerk.

You tried to knock him out of his chair and kicked in a coffee table. What happened?

They wanted me to do some huge, earth-shattering stunt, but I was thinking more about setting up a table and trying the tablecloth trick. They didn't want my tablecloth trick, and that made me mad 'cause I worked so hard to make the tablecloth trick all perfect. I told 'em, "All right, how about this? I'm going to get all fucking shitfaced all day long and then see how wasted I can get. During my interview we'll have a guy from the sheriff's department breathalyze me."

I woke up and had the gnarliest Bloody Mary. I was drunk before I finished the Bloody Mary. Then I was on my second or third screwdriver in the Town Car on the way over there. I just kept drinking and drinking. An hour before the taping even began, I didn't remember anything. It was a complete blackout. They weren't even going to let me be interviewed. People almost lost their jobs for sending me out there.

PHOTO COURTESY STEVEOVIDEO.COM

So Adam Carolla got pissed off?

Well, it was the only time the asshole ever got any ratings.

Tell us about *Jackass: Number Two*.

We got everybody back. Everything's just more brutal. [Johnny] Knoxville gets in a fucking bullring and blindfolds himself. Then they release a bull on him, and the bull just completely takes him out and sends him into a front-flip.

We heard there was some bad blood with the producers after the first movie. That's all cleared up now?

Yeah, it's a great dysfunctional family. It wasn't that they screwed us for money; they gave us what they said they would. But there was language in my contract that said that I couldn't get paid to show up on tour dates as Steve-O or distribute my own videos. I was just like, "Fuck that!" So I held off on signing it until I was allowed to tour and put out my videos. They were cool enough to give us percentages and stuff, but they had ceilings on it. It's kinda like saying you can drink everything for free, but only as much as you can chug in one gulp.

When you stapled your scrotum to your thigh, how soon till you were back in action?

The first time I did it, I called it The Butterfly 'cause I stapled my scrotum to both of my legs. I think it hurts your leg more than your scrotum. But you don't really fuck with your nuts or anything. There's nothing about the old Butterfly that really holds you back from having sex.

Didn't you get arrested for doing The Butterfly at one of your shows?

It happened in New Orleans. They gave me two felony charges. One for being a principal to second-degree battery. I told this kid to try and run across the stage past the bouncers. One bouncer picked up the kid and threw him on his head. It was a bad thing. And then for stapling my nuts to my leg, they gave me felony obscenity, which is the same charge [imposed on] Larry Flynt, Jim Morrison, 2 Live Crew and Marilyn Manson. So my name was added to this list of American heroes. The kid was not that fucked-up, and he got paid.

Why did you relieve yourself on the red carpet last spring at a pre-Oscar party?

I was blind drunk and had to piss so bad. There were more dudes in fur coats trying to kick my ass than you can imagine. Then I got naked and did a doubleback, which is where I plop my balls and my dick up and down to where they hit my stomach, and then I fling them back and catch them between my legs. My cock and balls are fully in the back and you have like a "mangina."

You tour constantly and have a ton of video projects going at once. How do stay so focused?

I never did learn how to run a dishwasher. It's amazing what a mess I can live in. I'm able to neglect things in my life, but stuff I'm passionate about I pursue. I'm a pretty productive pothead.

How's your comedy gangster-rock album coming?

I'm really excited about it. I don't have a deal yet, but I see no reason why hits can't be made out of songs like "Crack Cocaine Feels So Good," "Hard as a Rock" and "Poke the Puss." (*Steve-O begins rapping.*) Poke the puss. Smoke the cush. Flip the bitch over and tap the tush. Shave the bush. Stab the goosh. Every time, I do it in just one push. I'm a ladies' man. I do what I can. Spreading disease is part of the plan. Fuck a jimmy-hat, 'cause herpes is phat. The way I see it, more people need that.

Sorry for being so high.

PHOTO BY SEAN CLIVER

***Jackass: Number Two*'s bellhops from hell are (left to right) John Waters, Chris Pontius and Steve-O.**

LORENZO SPERLONGA

LorenzoSperlonga.com

JOEY HART & BREA BENNETT

DOUBLE WHAMMY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

What could possibly surpass a nude pictorial featuring chestnut-maned Joey Hart, a luscious HUSTLER Video viXXXen? How about adding an equally adorable fuck bunny, namely blond ClubJenna Girl Brea Bennett, for ten pages of red-hot lesbo action? We figured you would approve. Naturally, this layout got us thinking about other pairs.

Mixed Doubles: A tennis match between teams composed of one male and one female player.

Double Dip: Sticking a chip into a dip at a party, taking only a partial bite, then jabbing the rest of the chip back for more goop before finishing it off. Made famous in an episode of *Seinfeld*.

Doubleheader: Two sporting events, usually baseball games, held on the same day for one price of admission. If teams play an afternoon game, then meet again later under the lights with a whole new crowd on hand, the term day-night doubleheader applies.

Double Over: To fall forward and literally bend in half while clutching your stomach due to excruciating pain or excessive laughing.

JOEY & BREA

Double Vision: The medical condition binocular diplopia, whereby the two eyes are misaligned, and non-matching images are sent to the viewer's brain. That or a classic 1970s album by Foreigner.

Double-Double: A popular item of the In-N-Out Burger chain, featuring two cheese-smothered beef patties with all the fixings.

Double Dong: A sex toy that enables two women to be pleasured simultaneously. *Mmm*, let's hope that these lovebirds get their hands on one. Damn, these chicks are hot! Damn, these chicks are hot! Sorry. After watching Joey and Brea get it on, we had to praise them twice.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

See Brea Bennett brighten up *Barely Legal #55* and Joey Hart rejoicing in *The Da Vinci Load*, *Fresh Flesh*, *Larry's Angels*, *Pin Up Honeys* and *Barely Legal Innocence #3* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

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GA IL

DINES

ENEMY OF THE STATE

SYNDICATED COLUMNIST **AMY ALKON** REVEALS THAT PORNOGRAPHY'S MOST OUTSPOKEN OPPONENT IS A BLIND, DELUSIONAL, OPPORTUNISTIC HACK.

I DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM with the people at HUSTLER because they're pornographers. I have a problem with them because they're all a bunch of leftists. Yet late one night I was reading an article online about an appearance by Larry Flynt at Harvard when I came upon the oddest quote. A sociology and women's studies professor, Gail Dines of Wheelock College, called Larry Flynt's staff "intensely reactionary and intensely right-wing." Reactionary, sure. But right-wing? *Intensely* right-wing? Weird. Apparently, there's some other Larry Flynt out there, publishing some other HUSTLER Magazine—perhaps on Earth II. All the HUSTLER staffers I've ever met, from HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David on down, make Julia Butterfly Hill seem just to the left of Karl Rove.

Apart from their token Libertarian writer you're now reading, pretty much all they publish at HUSTLER are the bleedingest bleeding-heart leftists out there—those whose politics send fiscal conservative grinches like me running to Cato Institute lunches for reassurance that the free market is still relatively intact. Professor Dines might be surprised to discover there's even a leftist-on-leftist attack site, HustlingTheLeft.com, condemning all the left-wing "collaborators" who've appeared in HUSTLER's pages: Amy Goodman, Greg Palast, Danny Schechter and others whose moral compass points, not to magnetic north, but to Berkeley.

So who is this Dines woman? And if she's so loosey-goosey about what's blatantly obvious to anyone who's ever read two sentences in HUSTLER, what other untruths is she tossing around? Boatloads, it turns out, in her books, articles and lucrative speaking engagements against porn. Dines's M.O. is painting women as victims and men as their abusers, perpetuating a culture of fear and hatred of men. And she's got company—male feminist and radical feminist apologist Robert Jensen, a University of Texas journalism professor who seems to have devoted a good portion of his life to running in fear and shame from his own balls.

The book Dines and Jensen coauthored with Ann Russo, *Pornography: The Production and Consumption of Inequality*, is packed with lies and distortions. Writing together in one chapter, Dines and Jensen define porn as "a specific kind of sexual material that reflects and helps maintain the sexual subordination of women." Oh, please. Ever seen any gay porn? Excuse me, but where in 30 minutes of two gay guys boning each other up the ass is anyone reflecting and maintaining the sexual subordination of women?

Male sexuality and female sexuality are very different. And no, contrary to the contentions of the victim feministocracy, the differences aren't caused by pornography, but by millions of years of evolution—a fact Dines and the rest might have a harder time denying if they'd interrupted their decades-long worship of career man-hater Andrea Dworkin to take a first-year biology class. Absent that, how hard is it to look at a man's body and a woman's body and notice a few areas that don't quite match? Male and female sexuality and sexual psychology correspond perfectly to those physical differences, as they have for ages.

It all started back in caveman days. Now, there are a lot of really bad places to be a single mother, but probably one of the worst ever was 1.8 million years ago on the African savannah. Women had an exceptionally high cost from any sex act; not only the possibility of pregnancy, but also being stuck for years afterward dragging around a hungry kid—long before readily available frozen pizza replaced readily diggable crawly grubs. Ancestral women who were most likely to survive and pass on their genes didn't jump at the first cave stud they eyeballed, but carefully sussed out the "dads"—guys who'd stick around to provide for their furry little children—from the fuck-and-run cads. Ancestral men, on the other hand, were most likely to pass on their genes if they, well, wanted to bang everything in sight.

But haven't times changed? After all, we have birth control today. Yes, we do, but our genes have yet to get the message, since—according to evolutionary psychologist Donald Symons—it takes "hundreds or thousands of generations" for an adaptation to take hold. So, while men are still instantly aroused by visuals, in a hilarious study, women who were shown photographs of hypothetical partners chose an ugly man wearing a Rolex over a handsome man in a Burger King uniform. Yes, in the 21st century, women are still picking the "provider." And most still have no desire to look at porn—and not out of some moral superiority on their part. Thanks to millions of years of hard-wired behavioral reinforcement, women simply aren't interested in the pictures.

Dines and Jensen explain men's interest by climbing the grassy knoll and inventing a conspiracy, claiming in their book that "at the core of contemporary pornography is contempt for women." Come on. At the core of contemporary pornography is men's desire to get off and their willingness to pay for pictures to help. Like much of what Dines and Jensen say and write, their porn-as-contempt theory is just silly. Yet, tempting as it is to simply ignore these two nitwits, same as you would some toothless nut raving on a street

PAINTING BY TOM SIMONTON

corner, it's dangerous to do so. In fact, it's vital to remember that they've attained positions of influence at colleges and universities and are remarkably successful in passing off unsupported accusations on a gullible public.

Lies left unchallenged can begin to seem like truths; for example, the feminist fiction that more women are abused on Super Bowl Sunday than on any other day. In *Who Stole Feminism?*, Christina Hoff Sommers reports that this bald-faced lie was mass-mailed to the media by an advocacy group with a warning for "at-risk" women: "Don't remain at home with him during the game."

Naturally, sensationalism-hungry journalists were quick to unquestioningly rush the news into print in major papers across the country. Eventually, a lone voice—*Washington Post* staff writer Ken Ringle—rose up to question and correct the disinformation. This doesn't always happen, but when there is a correction, it's generally long in coming and never as seductive as the original sensationalism itself. Hence, what sticks in the public consciousness tends to be the initial shrill lie, not the quieter truth bringing up the rear.

The truth typically provides poor support for what victim feminists like Dines and Jensen are really after: using porn as their excuse to stamp out freedoms guaranteed to all of us by the Constitution. Of course, they present themselves, not as neofascists, but as women's rights activists. They *are* democratic, but only because they seek to take away *everybody's* rights—women's right to appear in porn and men's right to buy and consume it, just for starters. Never mind what the people want. Never mind that they're consenting adults. Gail Dines and Robert Jensen know what's best for all of us.

What's best for us, according to Gail Dines, is based on Gail Dines's opinion, which, time after time, runs contrary to piles of peer-reviewed, solid data—data which shows that porn doesn't do the damage Dines, Jensen and others claim. Now, Dines has seen those studies. She mentions them in her work. She even admits that the data runs contrary to her opinion. Her attitude: Whatever! Dines just isn't interested in data, not as long as it contradicts the women-as-victims propaganda she's purveying. The same goes for Jensen, even as he concedes, "'Science' has not yet conclusively shown a causal link between the use of pornography and sexual violence."

Actually, science, in the U.S. and in Europe, suggests access to porn may decrease sexual violence. A Danish study, for example, showed arrests for sexual assault diminishing dramatically as porn became increasingly available. In a U.S. study, researchers Michael S. Kimmel and Annulla Linders found that rates of rape and aggravated assault increased when porn consumption decreased. Of course, that didn't stop Jensen, Dines and Ann Russo from writing an entire book heavily focused on porn as a cause of sexual violence.

Another big theme for Dines and Jensen—a perennial favorite of the ever-literal and painfully unfun victim feminists—is that porn isn't a realistic depiction of female sexuality. In their book, Dines and Jensen complain—and hold on for a big shock—"…women in the videos in our sample never said no and were always immediately ready for sexual activity." Most astonishingly, women "…are expected to express pleasure during sex through facial expression and moaning." And then, hang on for another shocker: "Women … were typically dressed in clothing that maximized the visibility of their bodies, such as low-cut blouses and short, tight skirts." And, finally, "Anything the man did to the woman was depicted as producing intense pleasure in the woman, and everything the woman did to the man also made her orgasmic."

Are these people retarded? What man wants to watch a video showing a fat woman in a housedress who always has her period? It's fantasy, ladies. What's next, attacking chick flicks on the grounds they inaccurately depict male sexuality since they always end with the guy proposing, not suggesting that he and the girlfriend have a threesome with her best friend?

Like all radical feminists, Dines and Jensen claim they're only looking out for women (literally a dirty job in their case, since it requires watching piles of porn). In reality, feminist lies and disinformation usually hurt those the feminists profess to protect. A classic example is the phony-baloney claim that one in four college women get raped, widely circulated by feminists whose careers depend upon convincing white, upper-middle-class women that they're victims. Luckily, one white, upper-middle-class woman, Kate Roiphe, smelled something in the one-in-four statistic, writing, "If 25 percent of my women friends were really being raped, wouldn't I know it?" Of course she would. Of course we all would. Yet, as Roiphe's punishment for daring to even question the statistic, Dines suggested to *Newsweek* that Roiphe was just trying to suck up to the "white-male patriarchy," calling Roiphe "a traitor" and "the Clarence Thomas of women."

It turns out Mary Koss, the Kent State psych professor who directed the study, got her statistics from responses to questions like "Have you ever given in to sexplay when you didn't want to because you were overwhelmed by a man's continual arguments and pressure?" Sure, a "yes" *could* mean you were a rape victim—or, maybe, that you were simply a victim of your own weak will: "Oh, fuck, we could sit around arguing for an hour, or I could just blow him." And take the question "Have you ever had sexual intercourse when you didn't want to because a man gave you alcohol or drugs?" Let's be real: If a woman's passed out on the floor and a bunch of guys have sex with her, sure, that's rape. If, however, she simply has one too many Long Island iced teas and does something she later regrets, is that rape, or is it just…*bad judgment*?

In reality, you don't protect women by convincing them they're victims, but by telling them they're powerful enough to protect themselves, teaching them how and insisting they do it.

Researchers who used sound scientific methods came up with much lower figures than Koss; for example, the finding by the University of Washington's Margaret Gordon showing 1 in 50 women is a rape victim. Truth-in-feminism advocate Hoff Sommers notes the paucity of headlines generated by researchers like Gordon, who based their statistics on solid data. Gordon described pressure from "really avid feminists…trying to get me to say that things were worse than they really are," but refused to budge from what good data told her was the truth.

Hoff Sommers also references *New York* magazine reporter Peter Hellman's 1990 investigation into rumors of a rape outbreak at Columbia University. Upon investigation, he found only two rapes were reported to the Columbia campus police that year, and fewer than one thousand on college campuses across the entire country—which works out to fewer than one-half of one rape per campus. Nevertheless, Columbia was pressured by feminists to install an expensive rape crisis center at the university. Hoff Sommers quotes Hellman describing a typical Saturday night for the three peer counselors sitting around at the center: "Nobody called; nobody came."

So, while Dines professes to be acting in women's best interest, Katie Roiphe, in doubting the "one in four" statistic, was actually the one

best serving women—calling into question the pervasive campus rape hysteria. Sounding the alarm when there's little need for an alarm, or such a loud and persistent alarm, comes with a price. It means deflecting attention and funding from where it's really needed; for example, in preventing the very real risk that homeless inner-city women will be victims of violent sexual assault—a topic that doesn't gather quite the crowd as does fomenting unnecessary fear of men on a campus of coddled women. As for the real issue in pornography—women and children in the developing world being sold into sex slavery—the victim feminists can't worry so much about that; they've got a "Take Back the Night" march across campus.

Who do we really have to fear? Legal scholar and ACLU president Nadine Strossen points to "the feminist pro-censorship movement." In her book *Defending Pornography—Free Speech, Sex, and the Fight for Women's Rights*, Strossen explains: "Women's rights are far more endangered by censoring sexual images than they are by the sexual images themselves. Women do not need the government's protection from words and pictures. We do need, rather, to protect ourselves from any government infringement upon our freedom and autonomy, even—indeed, especially—when it is allegedly 'for our own good.'"

In other words, Dines, Jensen and the "Big Sister"-hood are the real victimizers here: pseudo-intellectual thugs who demonize men, infantilize women and use the media to beat up anyone who dares question the unsupported contentions they pass off as truth. In reality, you don't protect women by convincing them they're victims, but by telling them they're powerful enough to protect themselves, teaching them how and insisting they do it. You teach women they have choices and must be personally responsible for those they make. And you celebrate critical thinking and truth-seeking over blind acceptance of "the facts." Only by throwing off the yoke of victimhood can women alert themselves to real dangers instead of busying themselves with phony ones—those who pay the salaries of Dines and Jensen and give them a level of status they probably couldn't attain any other way.

Now, it's common knowledge, whenever somebody says, "It's not the money; it's the principle"—it's usually the money. Throughout Dines's writing she rails endlessly against the capitalistic aspect of porn, but she's not exactly doing speaking engagements about it out of the goodness of her leftist-feminist heart. Nope, hearing from the wounded sisterhood is gonna cost you $4,500 to listen to Dines wail about how exploited women in porn are.

To be fair, maybe she's got something of a point—since rates for still shots of models start at only $1,000. Now, I don't consider being paid $1,000 for a few hours work "victimization." Then again, if, like Dines, these women were simply *complaining* about being victimized, they'd really be making out!

"Young man, you will spank me and keep spanking me until I'm satisfied that you've learned your lesson!"

The Vagina Dialogues

BEFORE

AFTER

A labial reduction and minor work on the length and sides of the clitoral hood led to a snappier look.

PATIENT PHOTOS COURTESY GARY J. ALTER, M.D.

BEFORE

AFTER

Surgically reducing the inner lips and the sides of the clitoral hood resulted in a dramatic aesthetic improvement.

These days, plasTic surgeons are being Tapped To creaTe designer geniTalia.

TODAY MORE THAN EVER the plastic surgeon is a woman's best friend. Along with a younger face, the perfect ass and a customized chin, there's now hope for a prettier vagina and a more exciting sex life.

Plenty of women are taking advantage of the opportunity to indulge in the latest and most intriguing innovation in cosmetic surgery since breast augmentation. Fascinated, HUSTLER decided to track down several patients who've undergone vaginal reconstruction and the doctors who did the work.

"The concept of vaginal cosmetic surgery has existed for two decades, but came into vogue in the last several years," says Dr. David A. Kulber of Los Angeles. "I've been performing labiaplasty for ten years and find that I am doing more and more every year." (*Labiaplasty*, Dr. Kulber's most requested vaginal procedure, is the medical term for surgically reducing a woman's labia minora—the inner lips.)

"Women get the surgery for their self-esteem and to feel better sexually," adds Dr. Kulber, whose extensive training is reflected in the distinguished title Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. Safe and permanent, labiaplasty receives high grades from his patients, who are primarily in their 30s and 40s.

Vaginal reconstruction isn't just about looking younger, though. It's also about looking more "normal."

"I've had patients who said they felt deformed," says Gary J. Alter, M.D, a board-certified plastic surgeon and urologist with practices in Beverly Hills, California, and New York City. "Some wouldn't have oral sex [performed on them] or wouldn't shower with other girls when they were in school." Interestingly, the average age of Dr. Alter's vaginal reconstruction patients is under 30.

Vaginal surgery was first publicized in 2000 when a porn star named Houston had her labia reduction filmed and then broadcast to subscribers of her Web site. The controversial procedure—which can be conducted by general surgeons, gynecologists, urologists and other types of

BY DEBBIE EPSTEIN

More than skin deep: Labiaplasty can be a confidence booster as well.

doctors—has also received plenty of attention from the press of late.

There is little compiled data, but 793 vaginal reconstructions were performed in 2005, the first year that the American Society of Plastic Surgeons tracked these types of operations. And those who've chosen to give their vaginas a makeover are elated with the results.

"My labia were so long, you could see them when I was standing naked," recalls a 41-year-old yoga instructor from Boston, who opted for labiaplasty to improve the appearance of her genitalia. "They were also asymmetrical. I knew when I was a teenager that I wanted to have them fixed."

A 20-year-old aesthetician from Henderson, Nevada, claims the surgery changed her life. "I basically waited until I could have the labia reduction before I would have sex," she explains. "I wanted a pretty one."

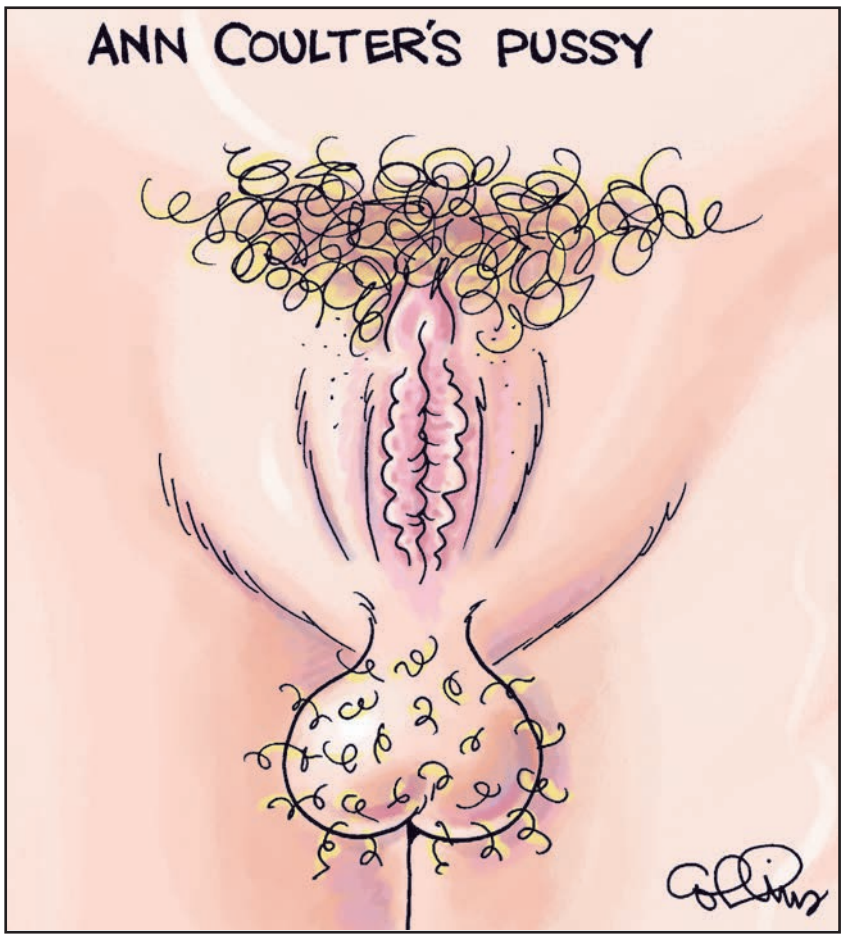
But perfecting the vagina's appearance is just one possible perk of these remarkable procedures. Skillful surgeons can actually give women and/or their intimate partners a more satisfying sex life.

Especially popular with mothers is vaginoplasty (or vaginal tightening), which decreases the internal diameter of the vulva and strengthens the pelvic muscles, re-creating that pre-childbirth tightness. Meanwhile, other women simply opt for labia reduction. Naturally, another factor to be addressed is the expense. Each hour-long technique costs from $5,000 to $6,000. When a labia reduction and tightening are combined, the cost is about $10,000.

"I've done about 1,300 vaginal cosmetic surgeries," says Dr. Bernard H. Stern of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, whose patients include five of his own staffers. "The response from women is amazing." After pointing out that bearing a couple of babies can stretch a vagina to seven or eight fingers wide, he observes, "Even a five-finger vagina won't be stimulated by something two fingers across." Dr.

PHOTOS BY BERNARD H. STERN, M.D.

A woman's distended, elephantine vaginal lips are just a memory following a combined labia reduction and tightening.



PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD DON'T LIKE ME. FOREIGN LEADERS DON'T LIKE ME. EVEN THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DON'T LIKE ME. YOU STILL LIKE ME, DON'T YOU, LAURA?
SHUT THE FUCK UP AND GO TO SLEEP!
WINNERS

Stern generally rebuilds vaginas with a two-finger diameter, but each case is evaluated individually. "One woman called to say she was madly in love with a man who is perfect in every way, but has a penis smaller than a thumb. So I made her a vagina the size of a thumb."

Some patients tell Dr. Stern that they experienced their first orgasm after the surgery. Others report that they can now reach multiple orgasms.

According to a 42-year-old policewoman from South Florida, when she finally had sex with her ex-husband after the surgery (the healing process entails six weeks of abstinence), he noticed the change right away.

Dr. David Matlock of Los Angeles, who is renowned for his vaginal rejuvenations, has developed another marvelous procedure—called G-spot amplification—that may be just the thing for a woman seeking pronounced ecstasy. The ten-minute operation involves injecting collagen into the anesthetized upper wall of the vagina, the spongy area known as the Grafenberg spot. Dr. Matlock's patients say the result is a heightened sexual experience, but the treated G-spot remains extra-sensitized for only about four months.

Astonishingly, women can even have their hymens surgically *replaced* to restore their "virginity." Some may do it to surprise their significant other, but the method is often used to overcome serious psychological issues stemming from molestation, rape or religious use of the hymen.

Other, less common procedures are also available for the woman who has everything, such as injecting fat into the labia majora (outer lips) to add fullness or removing fat from the pubic mound. Also, a "pubic lift" can be employed if weight loss has caused the pelvic area to sag.

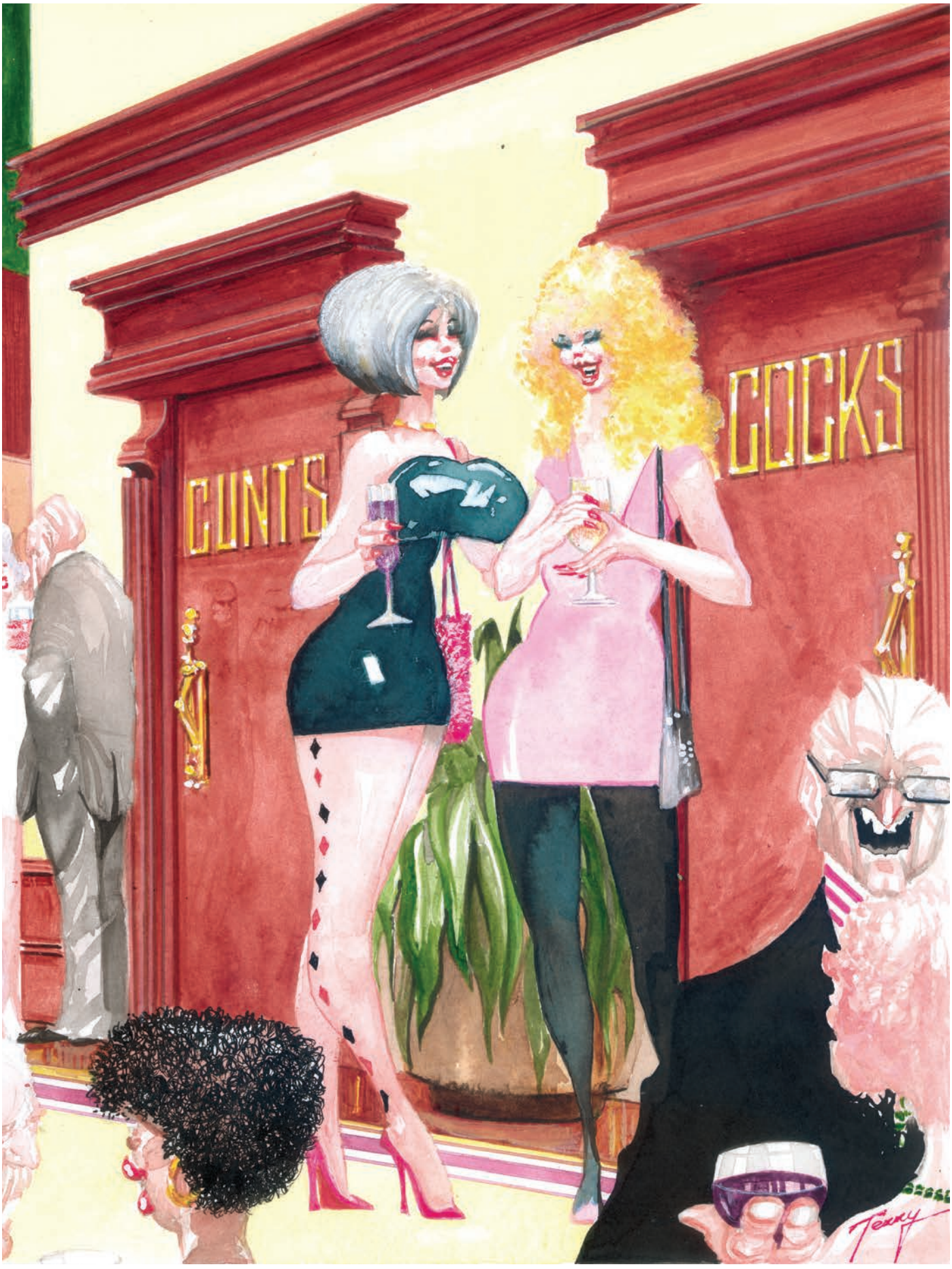
"I had the inner labia reduction completely for myself," says a 19-year-old student from Florida. "My boyfriend didn't even notice I needed it."

Of course he didn't notice. Men aren't picky when it comes to female genitalia. So why are women going under the knife to have these superficial, elective surgeries? Are these procedures extreme and unnecessary? Traditionalists have always been partial to natural, spreadable pussy lips, not tightened, streamlined, synthetic slits. But today's sexually liberated woman gets what she wants, and she wants the "perfect pussy."

"Ten years ago," Dr. Kulber concludes, "women were too embarrassed to talk about it. They would come in for liposuction or something, then begin asking about labia reduction. Women today are much more up front and empowered."

Just a little off the sides, please.

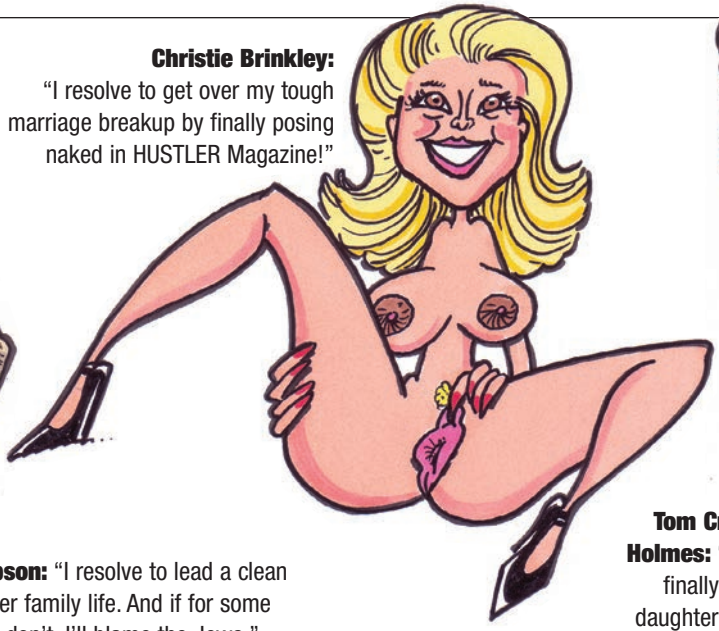
For further information on vaginal reconstruction, visit GaryAlterMD.com and LabiaplastySurgeon.com.

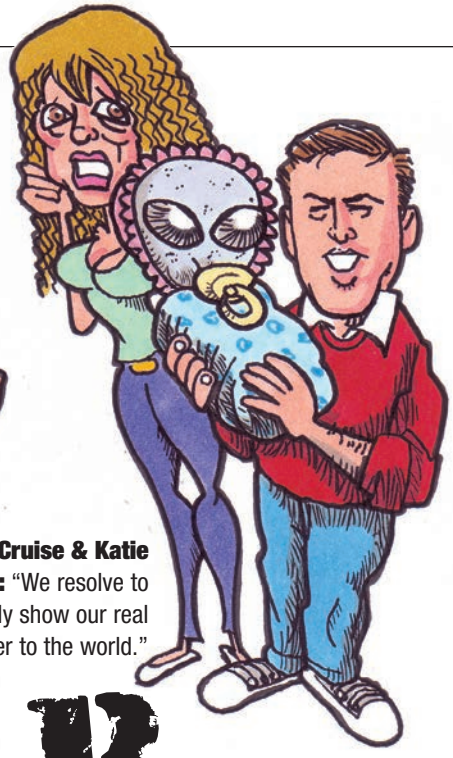


"Despite all his success, Larry Flynt never lost the common touch."

Mel Gibson: "I resolve to lead a clean and sober family life. And if for some reason I don't, I'll blame the Jews."

Christie Brinkley: "I resolve to get over my tough marriage breakup by finally posing naked in HUSTLER Magazine!"





Tom Cruise & Katie Holmes: "We resolve to finally show our real daughter to the world."

"THIS YEAR, I RESOLVE..."

New Year's Resolutions: Every year we make them. Every year we break them. Famous people are just like us, except they're richer. And much more attractive. And, well, famous. They also make resolutions. And break them. Here are some fake resolutions from real celebrities.

Star Jones: "I resolve to prove once and for all that my husband, Al, isn't gay."

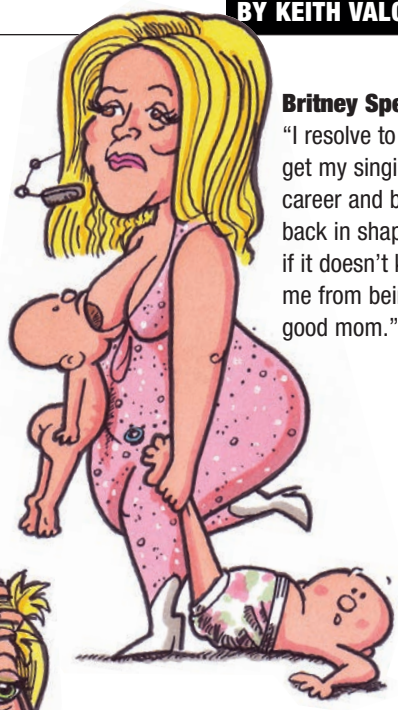
Katie Couric: "I resolve to deliver the real hard-breaking news. That is, unless it gets in the way of my being perky and cute."

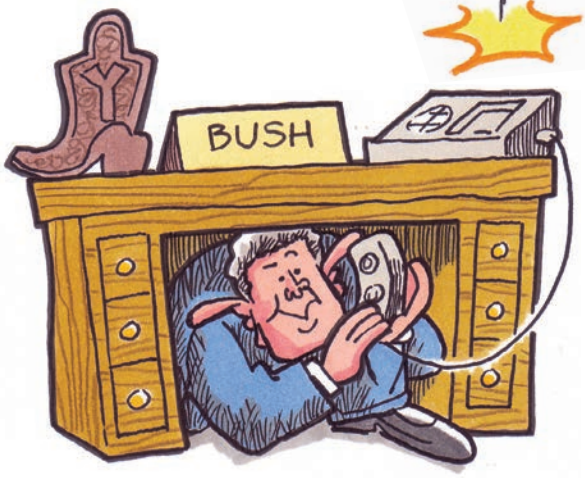
Carmen Electra: "I resolve to get back at that scrawny sissy-boy ex-husband of mine by fucking Tommy Lee!"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Paul McCartney: "I resolve to be a gentleman and put my bitter divorce behind me by working on a new CD. Tracks will include 'Hey, Bitch!,' 'The Long and Winding Road (I Hope You Die on It)' and 'Live & Let Die (You One-Legged Cunt).'"

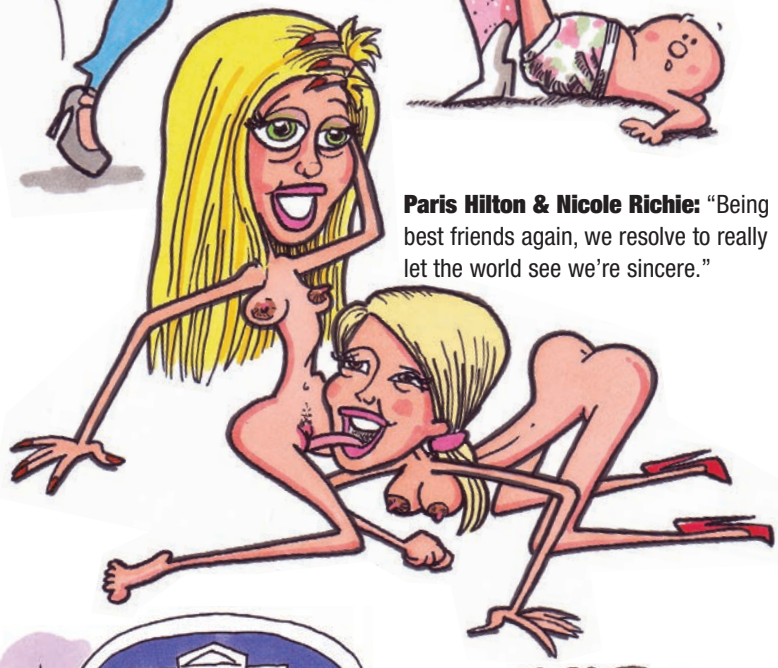
Britney Spears: "I resolve to finally get my singing career and body back in shape. Only if it doesn't keep me from being a good mom."

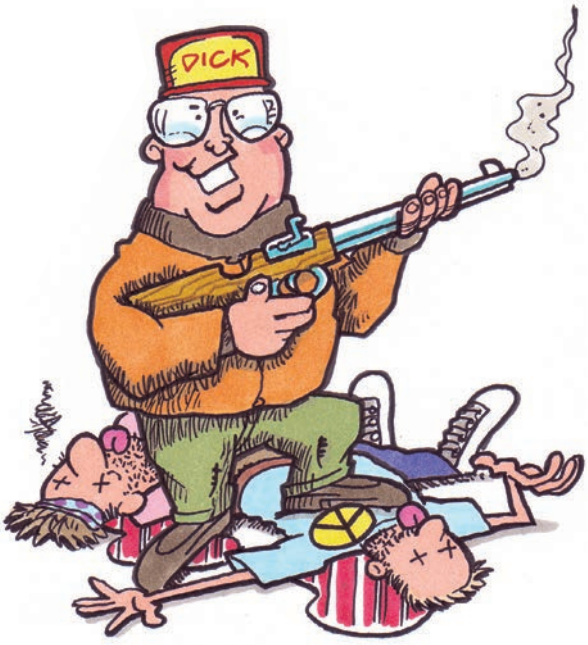




George W. Bush: "I promise never again to listen in on the American public in the name of national security. Unless it's terrorists, my political enemies or some really hot chicks."

Paris Hilton & Nicole Richie: "Being best friends again, we resolve to really let the world see we're sincere."





Dick Cheney: "I resolve to never ever again go quail-hunting with friends. Just enemies."

Tony Snow: "I resolve to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. Then again, I could be lying."

Robin Williams: "I resolve to lead a clean and sober family life. And if for some reason I don't, I'll blame Mel Gibson—or the Jews!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB MULEADY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

SASHA GREY, TOMMY GUNN & SCOTT NAILS JAIL

XXX INTERROGATION

As reported by ABC News, "former and current intelligence officers and supervisors" claim that CIA operatives have allegedly carried out "Enhanced Interrogation Techniques." We've listed six of them.

Attention Grab: The interrogator takes hold of a prisoner's garb and violently shakes the person around.

Attention Slap: Striking a captive's face with an open hand to induce pain and trigger fear.

Belly Slap: A hard, open-handed blow to the stomach.

Long Time Standing: The detainee is forced to stand, handcuffed and with his feet shackled to an eye-bolt in the floor for around 40 hours, if not longer. Since exhaustion and sleep deprivation reduce a subject's resistance, this technique is very effective in yielding confessions.

Cold Cell: The prisoner is stripped naked and forced to stand in a chilly, unheated cell and periodically doused with ice-cold water before or during rounds of questioning.

Water Boarding: The captive is bound to an inclined board, with the feet raised slightly higher than the head. Next, cellophane is wrapped over the individual's face, which becomes the target for a relentless flow of water. Unavoidably, the gag reflex kicks in, and a terrifying fear of drowning leads to almost-instant pleas to stop.

If you and your lady are into role-playing, some of these interrogation techniques could make things kinkier than usual. Or you could just finger and fuck the female "perp" until she finally confesses—or until you blow a load on her face. That's up to you.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BABE

See Sasha Grey open more than her mouth in *Barely Legal #62*, *Ass Appeal #4* and *Inception* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Confessions of a High-Priced Call Girl

With clients that included controversial Hollywood producer Aaron Sorkin, **Dimitra Ekmektsis** became the Happy Hooker of the 1990s. Now she shares some of her juiciest anecdotes in a tell-all book that promises to be a best-seller...if not a celluloid shocker.

ANYONE WHO CONSIDERS WORKING as a call girl should know something about obtaining clientele: The only place to advertise is on the Internet. The Information Super Highway has become the main venue for clients to find a match. There, one is able to browse hundreds of pictures and ads of women. In cyberspace, every call girl is a "provider," and the clients are "hobbyists."

The Internet makes meeting a call girl as easy as ordering a double cheese pizza. Generally, the women's phone numbers and rates are provided in the ads. That's how Jack got my info.

He was on his way to my apartment, so it was time for me to get dressed for our appointment. You know, males can be very simple; they read our signals as green lights or red lights, I swear it. To them, women in well-chosen, drop-dead, intimate attire are a turn-on. We know this.

Jack adores real boudoir babes in Marabu slippers and camisoles in candy-land colors. He delights in 1950s-style push-up bras and frilled panties à la Bardot or risqué sheer silk gowns with lacy insets.

Actually, all my clients do. And with good reason! I mean, I always dress for them as if I were off trysting with the man of my dreams.

I stood in front of the mirror and slowly bent down to bring the sheer, black mesh thong with the scalloped lace trim up over my hips. Then I adjusted the sheer matching bra with its low plunging center over my breasts. It barely covered my nipples.

I honestly believe that when you are a call girl, you absolutely should wear the most extravagant lingerie. This, in my opinion, boosts your confidence and makes you look and feel alluring. Without this confidence, there would be no point in being a call girl. But with confidence, if I

don't like the client I'm with—and sometimes I positively don't—at least I still like myself.

Jack is a tall, blond, athletic-type man who owns a window glass business in Tahoe, California. At 42 years old and never been married, he is "still waiting to meet the right woman," he says.

The thing I know, which Jack doesn't, is that when he meets that woman, he won't know what to say or do. He's just too shy around women. I should know. This is a man who needs to be seduced.

"Make yourself comfortable, sweetie. I'll fix us some orange juice," I said, smiling up at him. When I returned with the juice, Jack was sitting on the edge of the bed. He had placed a white envelope on my dresser. I knew what it contained.

I seldom have to ask my regular clients, like Jack, for the money, and I really never have to count it. I completely trust them. All my new clients get screened extensively before I agree to meet them. After I know them for a while, they start to feel like cozy old friends. I know this is going to sound totally weird, but my regular clients are utterly decent and reliable men.

"Jack, do you like my tiny, very expensive, outfit?" I teased.

"You know that I do."

Already, he was virtually hypnotized and unable to look away.

Walking to the bed, I slowly started to undress him. First I removed his jacket and shirt. Then I unbuckled his belt and popped open his pants. They fell to the floor, revealing boxer shorts with a colorful pattern of martini glasses. His erection was pushing against his boxers. He truly blushed as I pulled them off.

I took a condom from my dresser and expertly rolled it down on my client's hard dick. He was solid in the palm of my hand. I smiled my most seductive smile at him; all the while, my hands caressed his blond hair and the tanned skin on his neck and back.

"Lie down," I whispered.

With Jack under me, I slowly peeled off my thong. I positioned my body over his. He cupped and squeezed my breasts through the flimsy material of my bra.

"Take it off," I whispered in his ear.

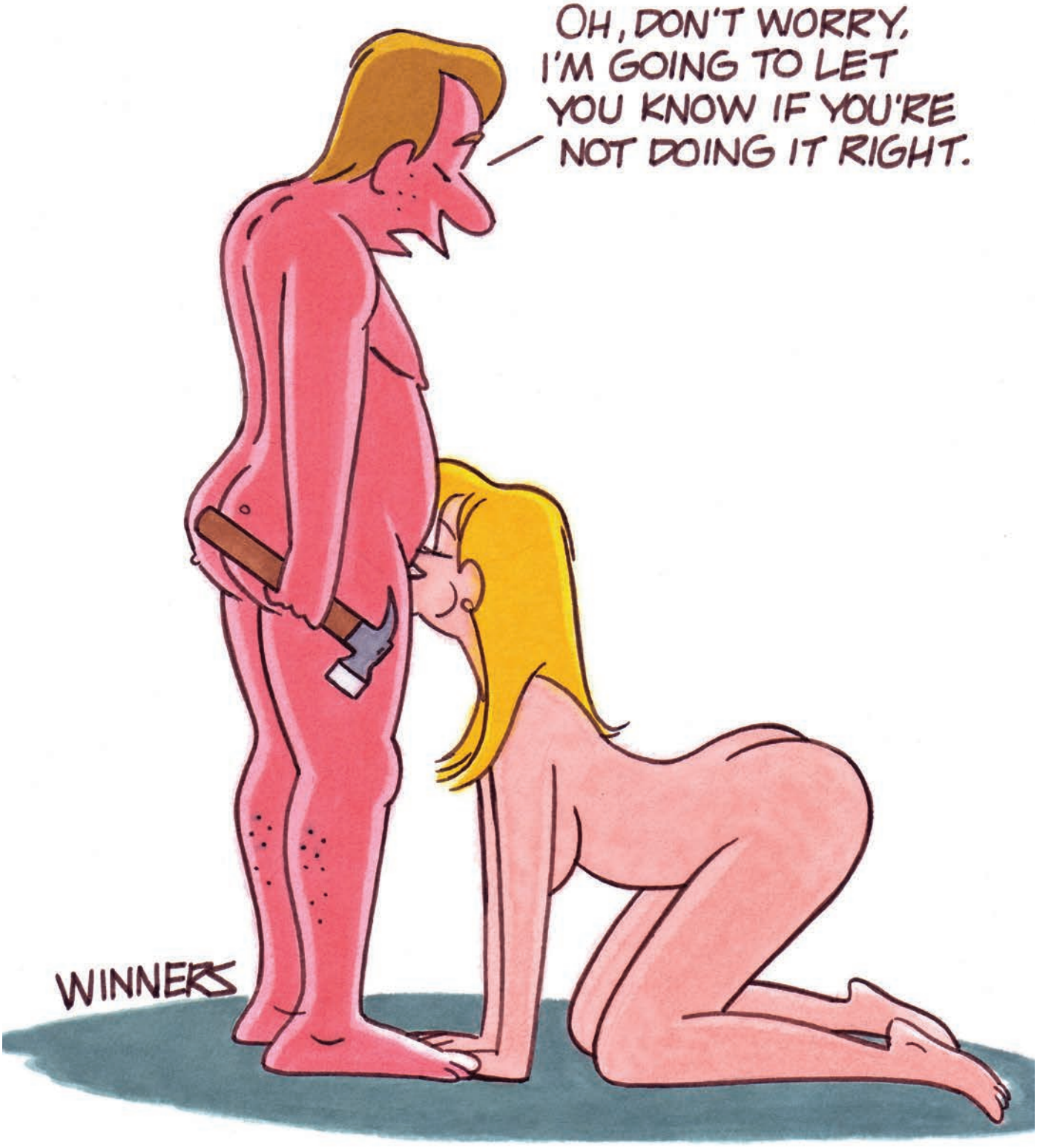
His fingers trembled at my back, and then he found the clasp of my bra and quickly opened it. Breasts free, my nipples played at his flesh while I helped guide his stiff cock slowly into me. He moaned lower.

"Fuck me!" I yelled.

My demand turned him on even more. Surprised that so many girls have chosen a profession like mine?

The preceding excerpt is from Confessions of a High-Priced Call Girl by Dimitra Ekmektsis with Patricia Lieb. The compelling autobiography can be purchased at DimitraEkmektsis.com or BookSurge.com.

Greek-born Dimitra Ekmektsis came to America at age 19 to become a call girl. She quickly gained notoriety when gossipmongers disclosed that she had a $2,000-a-night celebrity sugar daddy.


OH, DON'T WORRY. I'M GOING TO LET YOU KNOW IF YOU'RE NOT DOING IT RIGHT.
WINNERS

RISE OF THE MACHINES

A FAMED BLOGGER COUNTS AT LEAST 20 STATES THAT ENDURED ELECTRONIC-VOTING DEBACLES IN 2006 ALONE.

Democracy is under assault from within, and the few people who can help don't seem to give a damn. America's election system is rapidly devolving into little more than what is found in many Third World banana republics—all with the blessings of Congress, the White House, *both* major political parties and most certainly the Corporate Mainstream Media.

Since the country's first primary election of 2006 took place on March 7 in Texas, there was one electoral disaster after another. Week after week, in state after state, more electronic-voting meltdowns popped up in '06 than ever before.

One would expect to see election fraud headlines splashed across the nation's newspapers, with sensationalized coverage on CNN and Fox News. Unfortunately, this is not the case, largely because the political parties aren't making any noise about the crisis. They aren't fighting for the Help America Vote Act of 2002. HAVA, which went into effect in 2006, is a federal mandate calling for a complete overhaul of the electoral system.

Remember Florida in 2000, when all hell broke loose during 36 days of Constitutional crisis? HAVA, passed by Congress to avoid similar situations, allocated $3.8 billion for the nationwide purchase of new electronic-voting apparatus. Paid for by taxpayers, hackable, unreliable electronic-voting (e-voting) machines are now utilized in every county in every state. This is the new America.

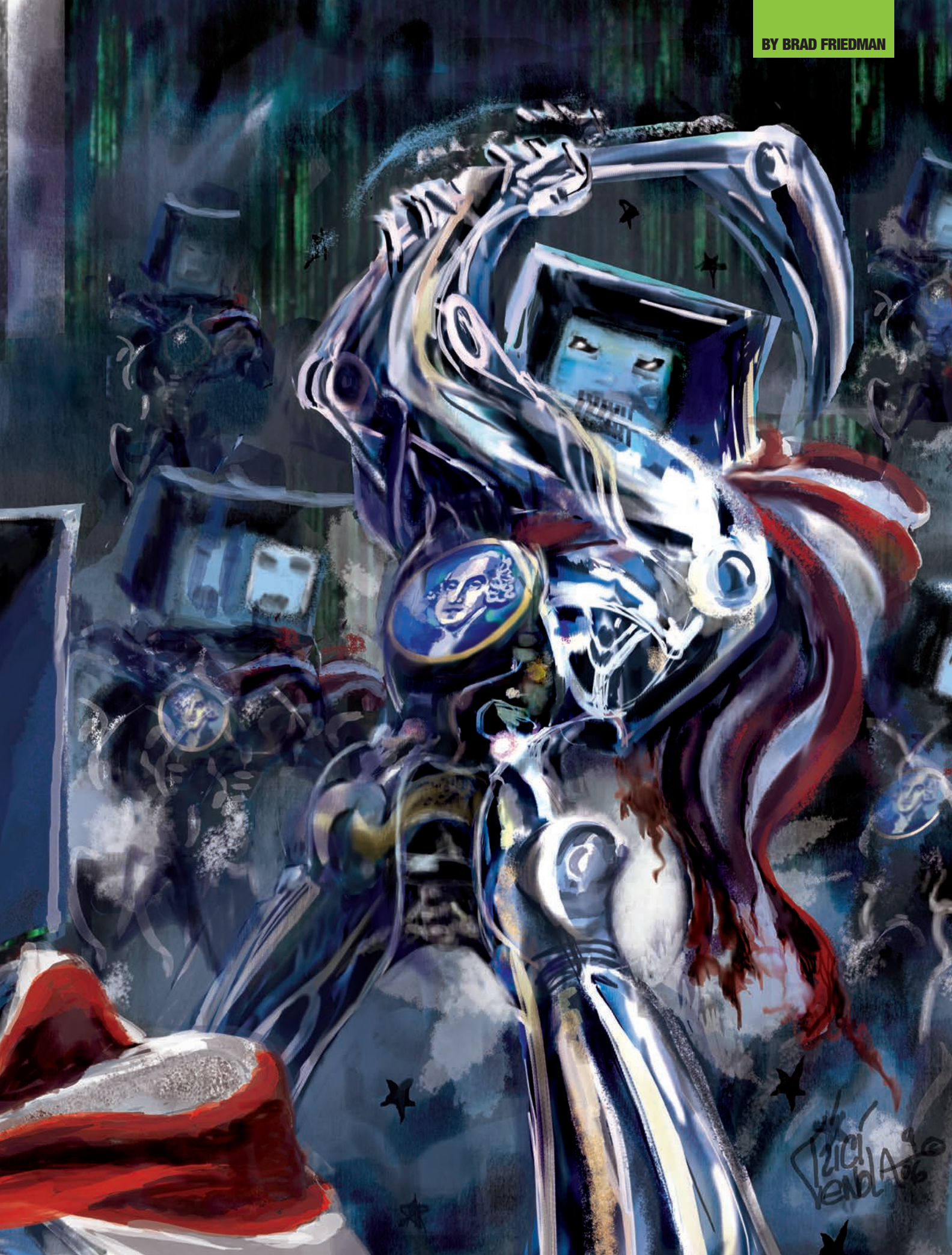
Here's a look at why you should be very suspicious every time you step into a polling booth:

☑ **ALASKA:** The Democratic Party had to bring suit in '06 in an attempt to force the state to hand over voting data from the Presidential election in 2004. (Yes, we're still trying to figure out what happened back then.) Alaska's Dems discovered that, oddly, a 200% voter turnout occurred in several places. Essentially, the tallied votes exceeded the number of registered voters in the state. Only 109,889 voters signed into the polls, yet Diebold (a major e-voting manufacturer) reported that Bush received 292,267 votes. The state refused to hand over documents explaining the discrepancy, claiming that information on voting is proprietary to Diebold and that releasing it would be a "risk to national security." Seriously, that's what they said.

☑ **ARIZONA:** After an extended battle to determine the outcome of a 2004 Republican primary recount,

ILLUSTRATION BY TRICI VENOLA

BY BRAD FRIEDMAN



a computer scientist discovered that several different ES&S optical-scan machines would tally the same ballot in completely different ways. (ES&S is America's largest voting-machine supplier.) Two years after the election was officially settled, Maricopa County officials still won't turn over the actual ballots. In the meantime, Arizona Secretary of State Jan Brewer has allowed all-new Diebold touch-screen machines into the state and has publicly referred to election-integrity advocates as "anarchists" and "conspiracy theorists." Arizona voters have sued to stop the use and purchase of Diebold machines.

✔**ARKANSAS:** ES&S machines have malfunctioned throughout the state. Additionally, the company failed to supply ballots and ballot programming (digital information denoting which candidates appear on respective ballots and what buttons to press) in time for state primaries and subsequent runoff elections. So counties were forced to create their own paper ballots, and many ran out on Election Day. But ES&S got its hefty HAVA paycheck, which is really all that matters to these machine vendors. Legal proceedings are pending.

✔**CALIFORNIA:** The Golden State is known to Diebold as "the country's largest voting market," and it seems its elected officials want a piece of the action. Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger's hand-appointed secretary of state, Bruce McPherson, has *re*-certified Diebold touch-screen systems in the state, even after they were *de*-certified in 2004 when Diebold installed illegal software patches and attempted to lie about it. In an attempt to justify his position, McPherson had the units tested thoroughly (they failed 30% of the time) and commissioned a team of computer scientists to check them for safety. (More than 16 "serious vulnerabilities" were found.)

Naturally the Republican shill certified the systems anyway. During the June 6 primary, machines failed to start up in several counties. Then, weeks prior to the U.S. House Special Election held in San Diego to replace jailed Republican Congressman Randy "Duke" Cunningham, a county election director arranged for programmed, election-ready voting-machine equipment to be sent *home* with poll workers, providing ample time for hackers to work their magic. Because the so-called sleepovers were in violation of state and federal security requirements, the machines were decertified *after* the election.

Protection groups have declared no confidence in the election to replace Cunningham on Capitol Hill. Surprisingly, the Democratic National Committee called for a full hand count of all 150,000 ballots. Citizens have had to raise money to contest the election, charging that votes cast on decertified machines are illegal; the case is pending. California voters have also filed suit to ban the use and purchase of Diebold touch-screen systems in the state.

✔**COLORADO:** Voters sued on June 1, 2006, to stop the use and purchase of touch-screen voting systems manufactured by Diebold, Sequoia, ES&S and Hart InterCivic. The suit, one of the broadest of its kind to date, is pending.

✔**FLORIDA:** A Leon County mock-election test revealed that Diebold optical-scan systems—which actually use *paper* ballots—could be hacked as easily as touch-screen units. After the damning revelation ruffled some feathers, the state tried to stop all future independent testing of voting machines by county election directors. It is also *illegal* in Florida to count a paper ballot by hand once it has already been counted by a machine. Florida Attorney General Charlie Crist has subpoenaed the voting-machine vendors to investigate possible collusion. Good luck, Sunshine State.

✔**GEORGIA:** Along with Maryland, Georgia was one of Diebold's original "showcase states," where paperless touch-screen machines were introduced in 2002. Astonishingly, Democratic Secretary of State Cathy Cox purchased Diebold machines, then—in a gross conflict of interest—appeared on the company's promotional brochures. Cox is now running for governor, overseeing her own election on the same questionable paperless machines that have caused havoc since 2002. Got a problem with that? Don't ask for a recount because there's nothing to count on paperless ballot systems.

✔**ILLINOIS:** New touch-screen machines made by Sequoia Voting Systems failed on primary election day in Cook County and elsewhere. Hundreds of memory cards, which store vote tabulations, simply disappeared after the polls closed. When local Republicans realized Sequoia had recently been purchased by a Venezuelan consortium with possible ties to leftist President Hugo Chavez, a new arm of election reformists came forward. Even CNN's conservative pundit Lou Dobbs has joined outraged right-wingers decrying the private ownership of our public elections. Dobbs says that e-voting has put "democracy at risk."

✔**INDIANA:** ES&S failed spectacularly across the Hoosier State in the 2006 primary election. Counties were deprived of ballot programming, uncertified software was used, machines failed to start up, and—as usual—*voters* ended up paying the price. Indiana's secretary of state is considering bringing claims against ES&S, with possible civil fines of $300,000 per incident.

✔**IOWA:** The June 6 primary election proved to be a nightmare when an observant election official in Pottawattamie County thought something was amiss during machine-counting of absentee ballots. Red lights flashed in her head when several popular incumbents were found to be losing. The official ordered a manual hand count of paper ballots, and what do you know? Discrepancies were found in two races, prompting a complete recount of all ballots cast in the county. The results of *nine* races were changed. Apparent losers turned out to be winners. The problem was said to have been tied to bad ballot programming by the county's vendor, ES&S.

✔**MARYLAND:** In Diebold's other original "showcase state," Republican Governor Robert Ehrlich announced that he "no longer [had] confidence in the State Board of Elections' ability to conduct fair and accurate elections in 2006." He also questioned the 1,000% increase in maintenance fees for Diebold systems. The state's Democratic House joined his position with a bipartisan 137-0 vote calling for a ban on paperless voting. Senate Democrats let the bill die.

✔**NEW JERSEY:** E-voting manufacturer Sequoia failed to meet deadlines for the delivery of touch-screen machines in Essex County. Just one more example of a voting-machine vendor taking money and failing to follow through.

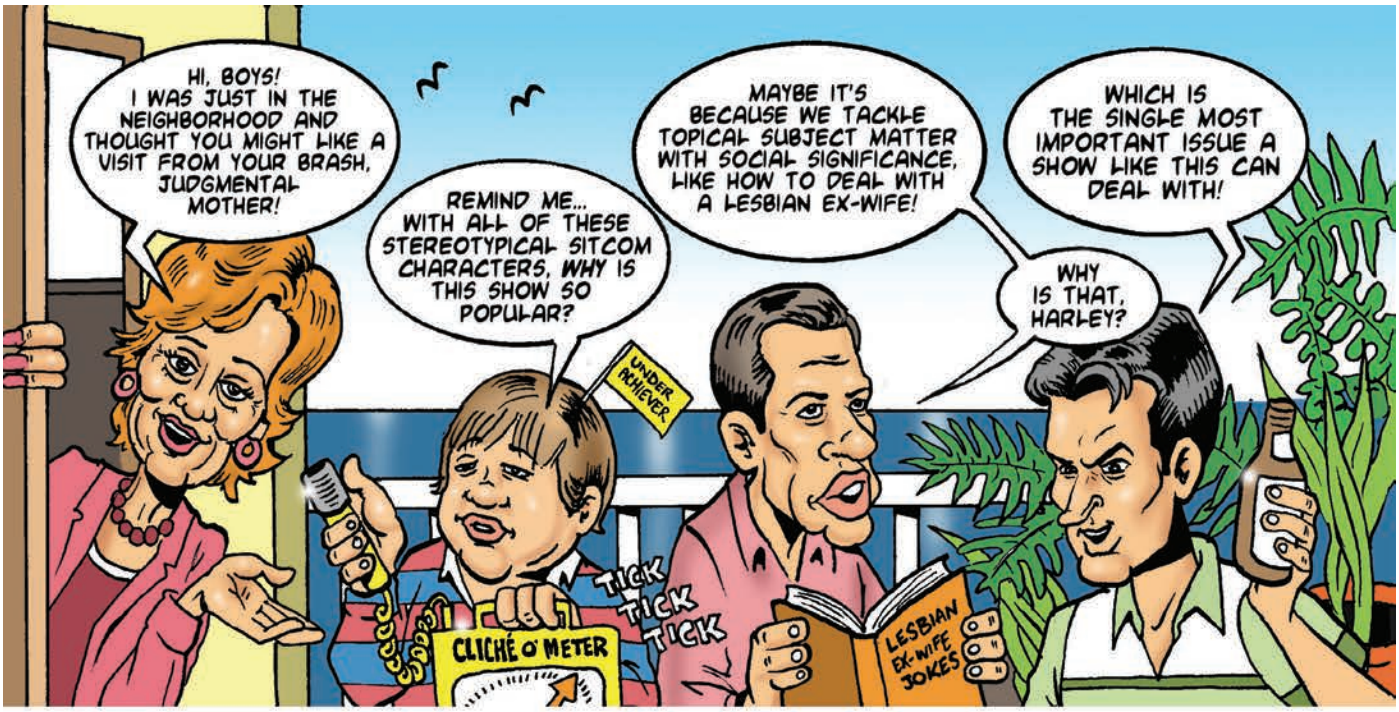
✔**NEW MEXICO:** Election activists brought suit against Sequoia when a 2006 investigation revealed extraordinary irregularities in the 2004 Presidential election. Soon thereafter, New Mexico's Democratic governor signed a bill banning e-voting machines and requiring paper ballots for all votes cast in the state. At least there's *one* voter-friendly haven.

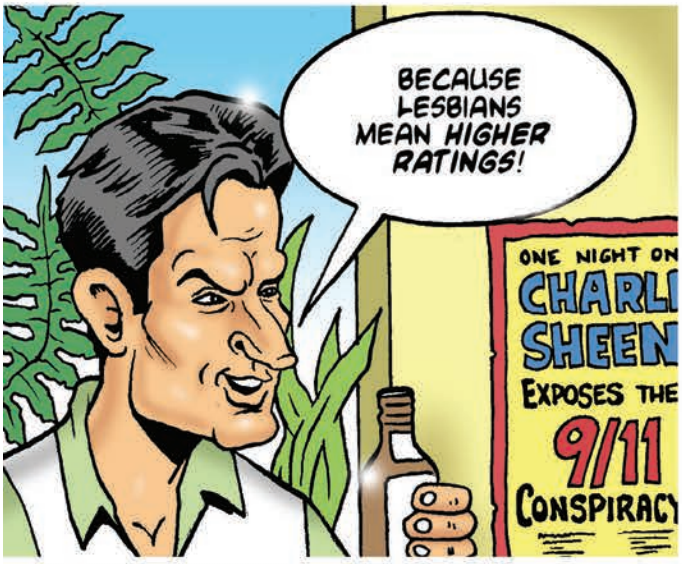
✔**NORTH CAROLINA:** More than 1,000 ES&S voting-machine memory cards failed in pre-election tests. Once the cards were replaced (it took a few tries before officials found ones that would actually work), the primary went fairly well, thanks to a group of eagle-eyed election-integrity advocates. The poll workers fought to ensure that all voting-machine companies doing business in the Tar Heel State provided complete source code for their systems. Diebold, naturally, couldn't comply with the new law and pulled out of North Carolina entirely.

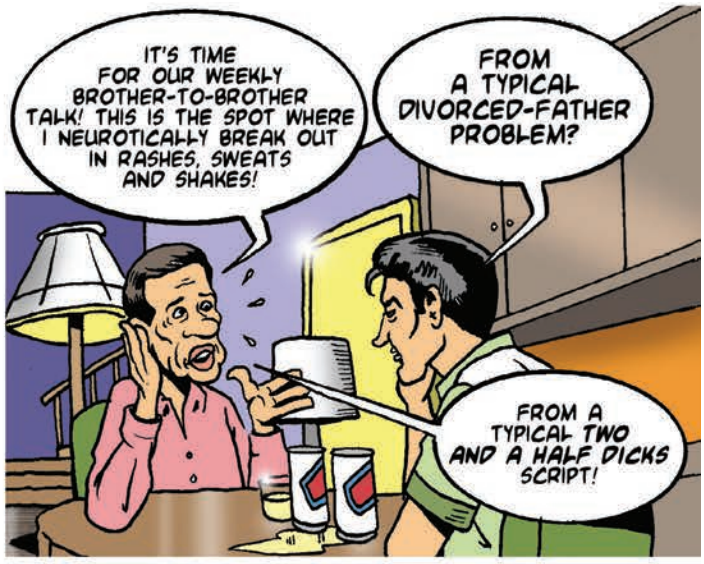
✔**OHIO:** What story of sordid election practices would be complete without the Buckeye State? Hard-right extremist Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell owned Diebold stock when he named the company one of two allowed to sell new touch-screen systems in Ohio. Blackwell also accepted $10,000 from a Diebold lobbyist. In the '06 primary, Cuyahoga County was forced to hand count some 17,000 absentee ballots after Diebold's optical scanners failed to read them. More than 70 memory cards were lost entirely. Blackwell—the same guy who helped game *(continued on page 88)*

HEY, FOLKS! I USED TO FUCK DENISE RICHARDS! JEALOUS?
Harley
CHARLIE SHEEN is the hard-drinking, womanizing, son of a bitch. (And his character on the show is as well!)
Allin
JOHN CRYER is the same wimpy-ass character he's been playing for years!
Jayke
THE FAT KID: Without him, this show is just an Odd Couple rip-off!
Bertha
THE FAT MAID: CBS requires all of its sitcoms to have at least one obese adult!
TWO AND A HALF DICKS!
Written and drawn by Noel Anderson
HEY, BRO! ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO SERVE THIS WINE TO YOUR BLIND DATE TONIGHT! THIS IS THAT NEW WINE THAT'S ENDORSED BY THE PORN STARLET!
REALLY? HOW CAN YOU TELL IT'S WINE FROM A PORN STARLET?
YOU CAN FIT TWO CORKS INTO THE OPENING ON THE TOP OF THE BOTTLE!
MOZZO
HUSTLER SURFBOARDING TEAM
DUCKY

MAYBE THIS IS A MISTAKE, HARLEY! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T EVEN SERVE HER THE WINE!
I THINK NOT SERVING THE WINE WOULD BE AN EVEN BIGGER MISTAKE, ALLIN! WITHOUT IT, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING LAID!
CBS
WE'RE NOT JUST FOR OLD PEOPLE ANYMORE!
BUT I'M NOT A VERY GOOD DRINKER! IN FACT, I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME I GOT DRUNK!
YOU DON'T? IN THAT CASE, YOU HAD A GREAT TIME GETTING LAP DANCES AT THE SPEARMINT RHINO! AND DON'T WORRY, YOUR CREDIT CARD BILL WON'T COME DUE UNTIL NEXT MONTH!
TIFFANI THIESSEN'S BOOB SHOTS
HEY, UNCLE HARLEY, WHO ARE YOU GOING TO FUCK THIS WEEK? THE SOCIOPATHIC STALKER BITCH THAT'S ALWAYS OUT ON OUR PATIO?
JAYKE, IF YOU HAD BEEN PAYING ATTENTION, YOU'D KNOW THAT THIS WEEK'S SHOW IS ABOUT YOUR FATHER GOING OUT ON A BLIND DATE!
SO...
NUTS
PUSSY LINE
I'LL PRETEND I'M HIM AND THEN FUCK HIS DATE!
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?
NOTHING! JUST SOME OF THAT HILARIOUS TRANSITIONAL DIALOGUE THAT THE CBS AUDIENCE HAS COME TO EXPECT FROM THIS SHOW!
WHAP!
PUMP!
SLAP!
PERVERT ON BOARD
JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET ALL OF IT ON HER FACE, HARLEY! REMEMBER, I'M THE ONE WHO HAS TO CLEAN ALL OF THAT SHIT OFF THE BEDSHEETS!
HARLEY? BUT I THOUGHT YOUR NAME WAS ALLIN?
WHOOPS! MY BAD! HEY, BRO! YOUR DATE'S HERE! SHE'S IN THE BEDROOM!
THAT'S GROSS, UNCLE HARLEY! HE DOESN'T WANT HER NOW THAT YOU GOT YOUR JIZZ ALL OVER HER! RIGHT, DAD?
I'M THINKING! I'M THINKING!
ZIP!

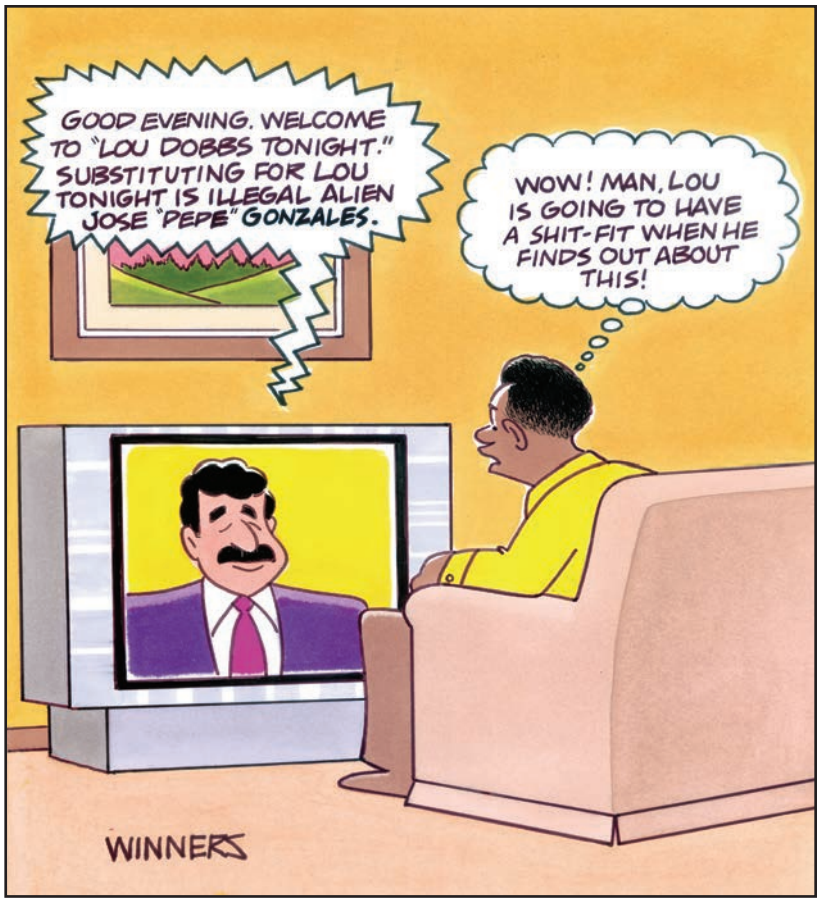

HI, BOYS! I WAS JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE A VISIT FROM YOUR BRASH, JUDGMENTAL MOTHER!
REMIND ME... WITH ALL OF THESE STEREOTYPICAL SITCOM CHARACTERS, WHY IS THIS SHOW SO POPULAR?
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE WE TACKLE TOPICAL SUBJECT MATTER WITH SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE, LIKE HOW TO DEAL WITH A LESBIAN EX-WIFE!
WHICH IS THE SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT ISSUE A SHOW LIKE THIS CAN DEAL WITH!
WHY IS THAT, HARLEY?
UNDER ACHIEVER
CLICHÉ O' METER
TICK TICK TICK
LESBIAN EX-WIFE JOKES


BECAUSE LESBIANS MEAN HIGHER RATINGS!
ONE NIGHT ON CHARLI SHEEN EXPOSES THE 9/11 CONSPIRACY


IT'S TIME FOR OUR WEEKLY BROTHER-TO-BROTHER TALK! THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE I NEUROTICALLY BREAK OUT IN RASHES, SWEATS AND SHAKES!
FROM A TYPICAL DIVORCED-FATHER PROBLEM?
FROM A TYPICAL TWO AND A HALF DICKS SCRIPT!

BUDDY, ALL YOU NEED IS A SURE THING! AND NOT FROM SOME SKANKY CHICK LIKE I USUALLY DATE! I HAVE THE PERFECT GIRL FOR YOU! SHE'S ONLY FUCKED ONE GUY BEFORE, AND HE WAS A CELEBRITY!
OH, YEAH? WHO WAS THE CELEBRITY?
MAGIC JOHNSON!
I KNOW YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO HELP ME! AND YOU'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING THAT'S UNFORGIVABLE BEFORE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF WALL STREET AND MEN AT WORK. BUT I THINK I NEED TO FIND MY OWN PIECE OF ASS! THANKS ANYWAY!
I BANGED GINGER LYNN!
SORRY, CHARLIE!

SO THEN HE TELLS ME HE'LL FIND HIS OWN PIECE OF ASS! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
SLAP
SLAP
DO WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THIS WHILE FUCKING? I DON'T KNOW YOUR BROTHER! HELL! TO BE HONEST, I BARELY EVEN KNOW YOU!
RANDOM SLUT
BLAT!
AAAGH!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
IT SORT OF SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM MY BROTHER'S ROOM!
RIDES 25¢
SHEESH! AGAIN WITH THE BROTHER THING!
EMILIO GAVE ME THIS SHIRT!
DID YOU HEAR THAT NOISE, UNCLE HARLEY? IT SOUNDS LIKE MY DAD IS FINALLY GETTING $&*!X'D!
SHAME ON YOU, JAYKE! THERE IS TO BE NO ASTERISKS, DOLLAR SIGNS, AMPERSANDS OR X'S SPOKEN IN THIS HOUSE! AROUND HERE WE CURSE!
WHAT'S GOING ON IN...
ACK!
OH, MY GOD! NO, IT CAN'T BE! GAG! IT'S JUST TOO HORRIBLE! RETCH! IT'S TOO DISGUSTING! URP! IT'S... IT'S...
BERTHA, OUR WISE-CRACKING FAT HOUSEKEEPER! BUT WHY?
FAT BROADS GOTTA GET LAID TOO! I DECIDED I'D TAKE PITY ON THE LITTLE CREEP! WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT BEFORE TONIGHT YOUR BROTHER HAD NEVER EVEN HAD A 69?
BLAT!
HONESTLY, LADY, I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE 67 MORE OF THOSE!!
END


GOOD EVENING. WELCOME TO "LOU DOBBS TONIGHT." SUBSTITUTING FOR LOU TONIGHT IS ILLEGAL ALIEN JOSE "PEPE" GONZALES.
WOW! MAN, LOU IS GOING TO HAVE A SHIT-FIT WHEN HE FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS!
WINNERS

Tony Blair makes it absolutely clear that he is not Bush's poodle.

(continued from page 82) the '04 election for Bush—is now overseeing his own reelection. (For a full breakdown of voting fraud in Ohio, see HUSTLER's July and August '06 issues.)

A major independent report issued after the primaries also found something awry: Votes counted using four different methods—individual ballots, paper trail summaries, election archives and memory cards—were all different. Depending on the method, the final counts varied by as much as 10%.

☑ **OREGON:** You gotta love the old-fashioned methods used in the Beaver State, where everyone votes by mail on *paper* ballots. Also, Oregon Secretary of State Bill Bradbury understands the importance of a fair election. There *have* been a couple of roadblocks though. The accuracy of the secret "trust me" software used to scan mailed-in ballots is a concern. Also, Bradbury has sued ES&S for failing to deliver promised "disabled accessible" e-voting systems as per its contract.

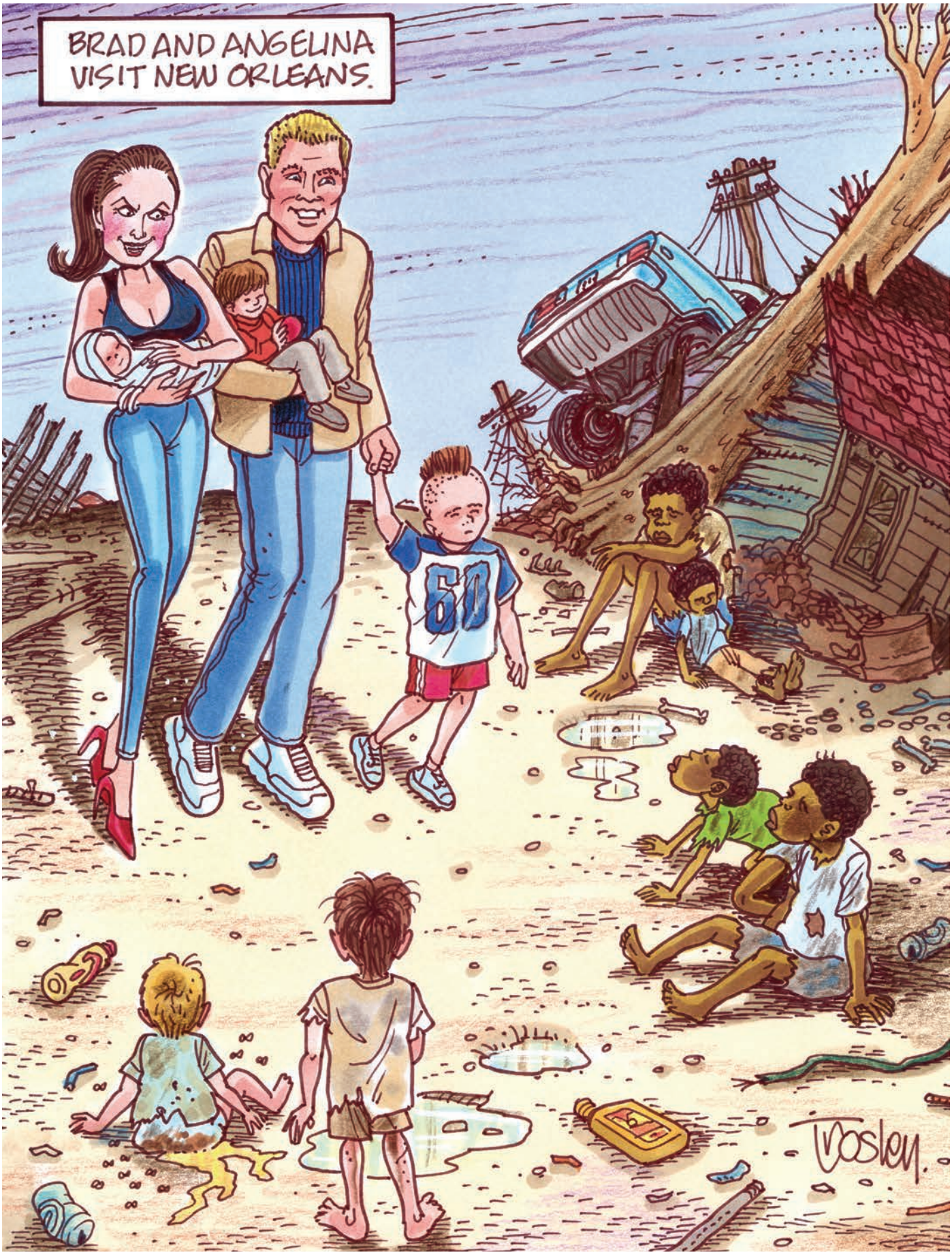
☑ **PENNSYLVANIA:** The state's leading e-vote tester, once a hard-core supporter of the systems, was embarrassed when he conducted a demonstration on how secure Sequoia's electronic voting machines are and accidentally hacked one before everyone's eyes. Yup, it's *that* easy. When a devastating new vulnerability was later found in Diebold touch-screen systems just days before the primary election, machines had to be sequestered as state officials scrambled for a last-minute fix. Then hundreds of machines in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh refused to start on Election Day. Pennsylvania voters sued in August 2006 to stop the use and purchase of touch-screen voting systems.

☑ **TEXAS:** On March 7 the country's first '06 primary election was held, and trouble was already brewing. More than 100,000 votes were mysteriously added to the totals in Tarrant County, where machines made by ES&S and Hart InterCivic were used. A former Republican Supreme Court justice then contested the election when, among other problems, he discovered that in Winkler County (which the jurist had convincingly carried in '02 and '04) his final tally was zero votes in '06! ES&S also failed to deliver proper ballot programming and absentee ballots on time, so Texas's secretary of state followed up with an emergency notice for all counties to prepare paper ballots for the subsequent runoff elections.

☑ **UTAH:** In 2006 a concerned election clerk in Emery County authorized a team of independent security analysts to examine Diebold touch-screen systems, which they determined can be hacked in less than two minutes. The clerk (who'd been employed by the county for 23 years) was fired for allowing an *independent* analysis of the machines. Legal action is being pursued to restore the heroic whistleblower to his job. Tight races called for recounts in several primaries, revealing that Utah has no legal process in place to conduct a recount on Diebold systems.

☑ **WEST VIRGINIA:** On primary day, voting machines, ballot programming and paper ballots were late in arriving to polling places, which meant some counties failed to be in compliance with federal and state laws. Aw, who cares? It's just an election!

Visit BradBlog.com and BlackBoxVoting.org for up-to-the-minute voter fraud information.



"Brad, I don't know why I didn't think of this before. We can adopt a poor, ignorant and neglected child right here in America!"

RECORDING
Hustler
TVLKINGHEVDS
ELVIS

SHYLA STYLEZ

MAKING BEAUTIFUL MUSIC

How did a small-town girl from Canada get into the skin biz? "Well, men have always liked looking at my body," Shyla remarks, "and I love showing it off. I thought, *Why not let everyone see what I have?* People have always told me I have a lot of sex appeal. So I flew to Los Angeles and did my first HUSTLER spread. Do you think the readers will like it?" Let's ask them. Whaddaya think, guys?

Shyla is also not shy about discussing her no-holes-barred porn career, which got off to a thunderous start in 2001 with *Gangbang Auditions #8*. "I took a little break," the knockout reveals, "but now I'm back shooting films as we speak. I just did a great D.P. scene."

When not seductively stripping down for the camera, Shyla hunkers down on

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

SHYLA STYLEZ

the farm in scenic British Columbia. “I love to read and watch movies at home,” she says. “That doesn’t mean I’m boring. I also love to go bungee-jumping. I’ve done it two times now. All that bouncing up and down gets me wet through my Wranglers. I also like to cook. I’m a master at baking a turkey, and my cheesecakes are to die for.”

Before we can ask what fruity toppings adorn her cheesecakes, Shyla exclaims, “Plus, I love to fuck! I’m a very open and dirty girl. I love anything that is erotic and going to take it to the next level. I dig oral, and I love to get banged by a guy in the missionary position while a woman has her pussy in my face.”

What does this sweet little missy want to do down the line? “I wouldn’t mind making a living as a musician *and* a nude model,” Shyla hints. “Maybe I could combine both and be the first naked country star. Like Johnny Cash—only blond and with nice DD boobies!”

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

“I love to fuck! I’m a very open and dirty girl.”

SHYLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
A tiny burg in British Columbia, Canada

AGE
23

BIRTH SIGN
Virgo/Libra cusp

EYES
smoky brown/green

HAIR
blond

HEIGHT
5-3

WEIGHT
110

MEASUREMENTS
34DD-24-32

"I love to get banged by a guy in the missionary position while a woman has her pussy in my face."

A blond college student was taking her American history final when she came to the question "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Well, duh! the coed said to herself. *Everybody knows this one.* Then the blonde confidently jotted down her answer: "At the bottom."

Question: What do you call an Iraqi with 500 girlfriends?

Answer: A shepherd.

A middle-aged Jew married a much younger Jewish beauty. After several months the bride complained that she had never climaxed even though, by birthright, all Jewish women are entitled to at least one climax during sex.

The newlyweds went to see their rabbi, who suggested they have a virile young man wave a towel over them while they made love. "This," the rabbi proclaimed, "will cause the woman to climax."

The couple tried it, but after several attempts the wife still didn't come. Again, they sought out the rabbi for advice. This time he told the bride to change partners and have intercourse with the virile young man while the husband waved the towel.

That night, the stud started fucking the wife while hubby heartily waved away. Soon the hottie reached wild, ear-splitting climaxes, one after the other.

Once the missus quieted down, her husband looked down at the younger man and smugly muttered, "See that, you schmuck. *That's* how you wave a towel!"

A little old lady was running up and down the halls in a nursing home. As she approached the residents, she'd flip up the hem of her nightgown and stammer, "Supersex?!" The coots just stared blankly. Finally, the exasperated flasher approached a geezer in a wheelchair, lifted her nightie and cried out, "Supersex?!"

The old fella eyed the biddy's crotch, then grunted, "I'll take the soup."

Question: Why did Arkansas raise the legal drinking age to 32?

Answer: To keep alcohol out of the state's high schools.

Getting lucky, John picked up a beautiful barfly, and before long he was enjoying a blowjob in the backseat of his car. Wanting to get his hands on some pussy, he reached under the cocksucker's dress only to feel a dick and balls. Shocked, John leaned over and whispered, "When you're finished, pal, we're gonna have to talk!"

A three-legged dog ambled into an Old West saloon, slid up to the bar and announced, "I'm looking for the man who shot my paw."

During an etiquette class the teacher asked her students, "If you were courting a well-educated young woman from a prominent family, and during an intimate dinner for two you needed to relieve yourself, what would you say to her?"

"Wait a minute, dear!" Charlie offered. "I'm going for a piss."

"That would be very rude and improper on your part," the teacher retorted.

"I'm sorry, but I need to go to the toilet," Johnny piped. "I'll be back in a minute."

"That's much better than Charlie's answer," the teacher remarked, "but mentioning the word *toilet* during a meal is unpleasant."

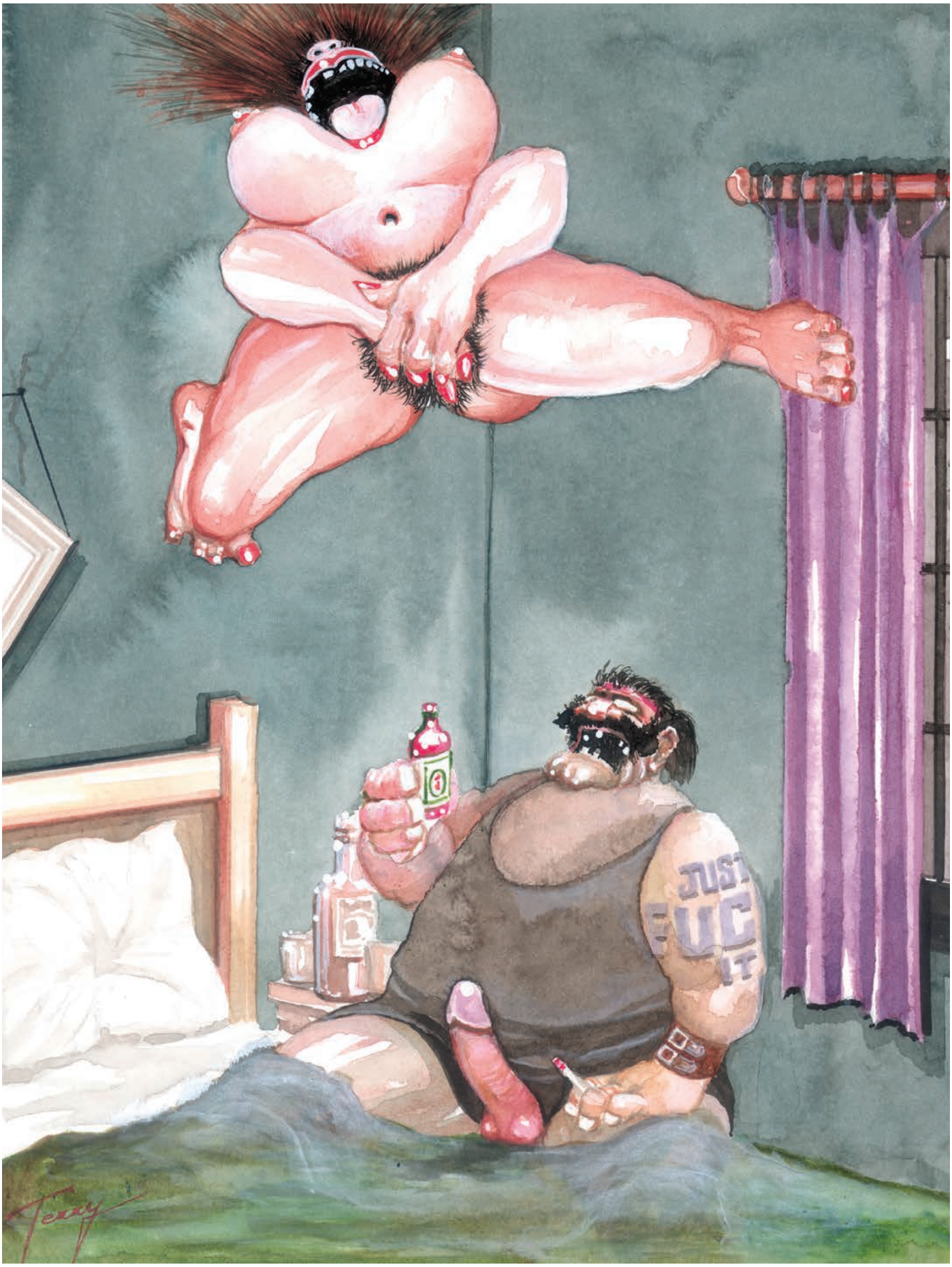
"My dear, please excuse me for a moment," Mike piped. "I have to go shake hands with a personal friend whom I hope to be able to introduce to you after dinner!"

GRAFFILTHY

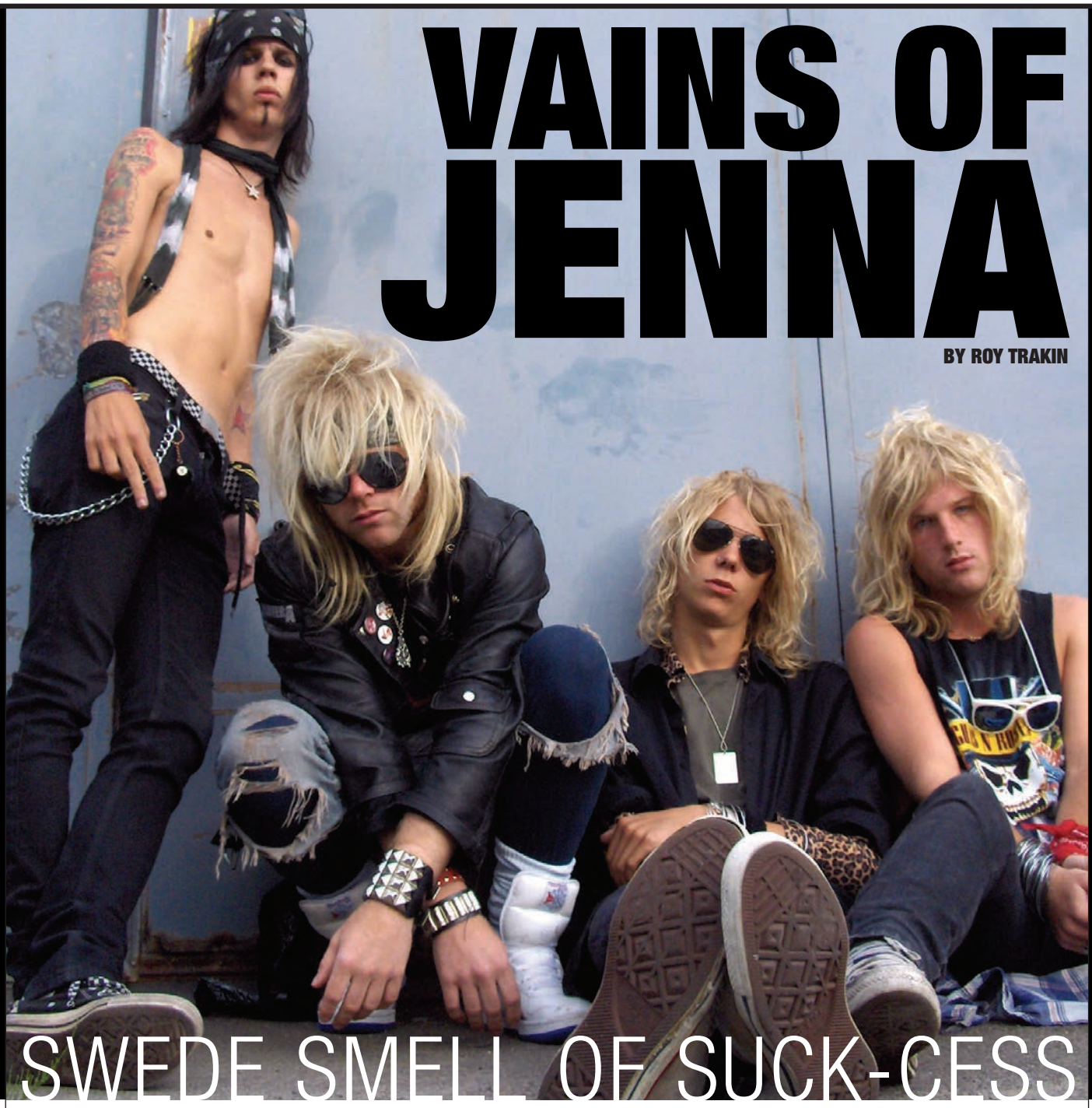
Some plopping and a tinkle,
Maybe pooting with a grunt.
Next a shuffle, then a crinkle,
And some wiping, to be blunt.
A necessary whirring,
Some stretching and a sigh.
Flush after and during,
Scrubbing wet,
then rubbing dry.
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to Jacob B.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Darlin', I don't eat nothin' without hot sauce!"



VAINS OF JENNA

BY ROY TRAKIN

SWEDE SMELL OF SUCK-CESS

UNLIKE THEIR FELLOW COUNTRYMEN, Sweden's Vains of Jenna are neither death metal purveyors like Entombed and Dismember nor garage punksters like the Hives and Soundtrack of Our Lives. Instead, the Vains of Jenna would fit right in with the Sunset-Strip-circa-1981 crowd's Guns N' Roses, Mötley Crüe, Ratt and Poison—all bandannas, teased hair, tattoos and leather, with a kickass attitude. Signing with Filthy Note (the new label of *Jackass* and *Viva La Bam* star Bam Margera), the four high-octane Swedes prove they're all about having a good time on their self-produced debut, *Lit Up/Let Down*, especially the album's first single, "No One's Gonna Do It for You."

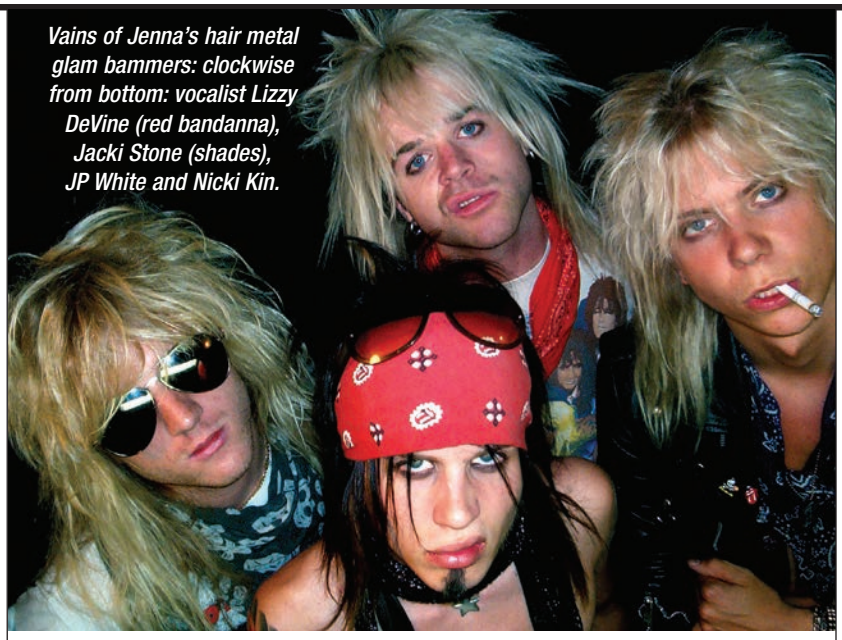
"The music scene is so depressing nowadays," laments lead singer Lizzy DeVine, who formed the band in 2005 with bassist JP White. "We play music that makes people happy and wanna party."

The group—which also includes Jacki Stone (White's brother) on drums and guitarist Nicki Kin—came to L.A. on their own dime to play the famed Whisky a Go Go. During the eventful gig the young foursome found a manager and recorded several tracks with former GNR member Gilby Clarke.

As for the band's throwback image, DeVine explains, "Rock 'n' roll is all about look and attitude. We have our influences, but we're not a glam band. We're more sleazy."

Hence the group's mysterious, misspelled name. "Rock 'n' roll isn't about being correct," insists Lizzy, whose high-pitched vocals have many listeners mistaking his gender. "JP came up with the name after a night of watching porno films. So it might be about Jenna Jameson, but he doesn't really remember."

The band has played on both coasts, and the boys hope to return to the States, but Lizzy admits that while abroad they miss their homeland's beautiful blondes. "It's a lot easier to get



Vains of Jenna's hair metal glam bammers: clockwise from bottom: vocalist Lizzy DeVine (red bandanna), Jacki Stone (shades), JP White and Nicki Kin.

laid over there," he says. "If you go out on a Friday night in Sweden and don't go home with anyone, you're a loser."

Still, reasonable substitutes are acceptable. "JP just had sex with a girl who's supposed to be in HUSTLER," adds Lizzy, who points out the major distinction between the chicks in his country and ours. "American girls know how to suck cock. They're a lot better than Swedish girls. It feels like they've done it all their lives. The ones we've met anyway."

NEWS

THREE FROM PUNK'S SECOND WAVE

Music Video Distributors and Secret Films bring you DVDs from three of punk rock's second-wave stalwarts. First up is Charged G.B.H.'s *On Stage—City Baby Attacked By Rats*, which offers the venerable spiky-haired lads in concert at London's Coronet in 2004. Next up is *The Adventures of Sham 69,* featuring the Hersham Boys live at Brighton's Concorde Club in 2002. Saving the best for last, it's a "handheld & rigidly digital disc," *Stiff Little Fingers in Concert*, showcasing the respected Irish punk pioneers at various venues on their 1998 Hope Street Tour. All three discs are in Dolby 5.1 and feature interviews with band members. *—T.F.*

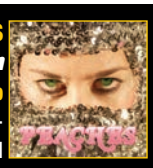
INNER PEACE MEETS POP & LOCK

This bomb-ass sculpt features Ganesh, the Hindu god of good fortune and the remover of obstacles, sitting atop a boom box and holding onto his broken tusk. The limited-edition, ten-inch figurine was created by graffiti legend and hip-hop innovator Doze Green (of Rock Steady Crew) and is available in blue, red, green and the ultralimited white (only 100 made). Check Ganesh out at DozeGreen.com. *—K.V.*

SIX-PACK

A half-dozen sensational discs.

PEACHES
Impeach My Bush
XL Recordings/Beggars Group



With hard-hitting dance beats and hard-core lyrics, Peaches doesn't beat around the titular bush on her long-awaited third full-length. Guest stars like Joan Jett and Josh Homme add some rock 'n' roll oomph to these fun, sleazy and infectious tracks. Crank up "Tent in Your Pants," "Hit It Hard" or "Slippery Dick" and watch your girlfriend sing along. *—Kevin Wright*

VARIOUS
Metal: A Headbanger's History
Warner Home Video

A global look at the heavy metal genre and its evolution, including interviews with such luminaries as Rob Zombie, Alice Cooper, Ronnie James Dio, Tony Iommi, Lemmy Kilmister and more. The two-disc set is very informative and covers the genre with a great deal of thought. *—T.F.*

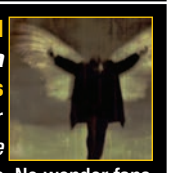
THE BANG BANG
Brothers of the Head: Music From the Motion Picture
Milan Records

Conjoined twin brothers front a punk rock band circa 1975 in *Brothers of the Head*. The movie is a mockumentary. Or is it? Fantasy and reality are further blurred by the soundtrack, billed as the "original unreleased album" by the group in the movie. Hoax or not, it's catchy punk-pop with a '70s vibe. *—K.W.*

THE SLEEPY JACKSON
Personality
Astralwerks

TSJ mastermind Luke Steele effortlessly blends sweeping string sections, lush piano and a chorus of horns on the Australian dream pop duo's sophomore full-length release. You'll be humming along after one listen. *—Michelle McCarthy*

BREAKING BENJAMIN
Phobia
Hollywood Records



Hard rockers Breaking Benjamin top their platinum-selling album *We Are Not Alone* with an even stronger and heavier lineup. No wonder fans are hailing *Phobia* as their best album yet. Band leader Ben Burnley's soaring vocals are more melodic than ever, while the music's just as infectious and ferocious. *—K.W.*

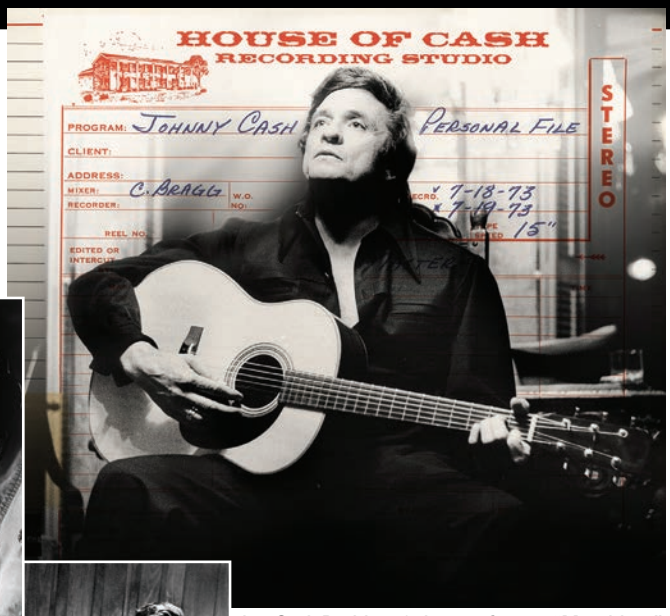
THE DEARS
Gang of Losers
Arts & Crafts

Canadian indie rockers The Dears are critically acclaimed for their melodramatic, introspective and orchestral pop. But their new album rocks. Singer/songwriter Murray Lightburn described the highly anticipated release in his blog as "relentless" and "raw," and he wasn't kidding. *—K.W.*

NEWS

ALL YOU NEED IS CASH

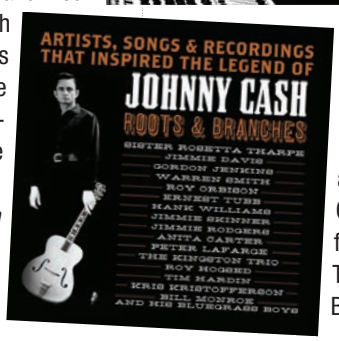
American V: A Hundred Highways—the final recording from Johnny Cash—is a must-have for any Cash or country fan. Produced by Rick Rubin, the album includes the last song the crooner ever recorded and a host of eclectic tunes with writing credits that run the gamut from Hank Williams to Rod McKuen to Bruce Springsteen.



Fans of the Man in Black will rejoice over the recently released double-CD *Johnny Cash: Personal File*, which contains a wealth of previously unheard material by the legendary performer. The tapes, which were discovered after his death in 2003, had been stashed away—along with fan mail and a collection of antique firearms—at the bottom of a box marked "personal file" in a room behind his home recording studio.

A veritable gold mine, the tapes boast a myriad of material recorded by Cash predominantly in 1973, with tracks scattered across the '70s and early '80s. The private recording sessions featured Cash accompanied only by his trusty acoustic guitar, touching upon a wide range of genres from gospel, old-school and modern country to Tin Pan Alley pop covers, obscure Cash originals and even spoken-word poetry. Cash introduces many of the songs with brief anecdotes, relating their place in his checkered life. The material was collected and compiled by Columbia/Legacy recordings, known for its fine work with previous Cash anthologies.

Revisit Cash at his prime with *Man in Black: Live in Denmark 1971*, a DVD capturing John and wife June Carter Cash in a 19-song set filmed for Danish television. The hour-long performance features appearances by Carl Perkins (who performs "Matchbox" and his landmark "Blue Suede Shoes"), the Statler Brothers ("Bed of Roses" and "Flowers on the Wall") and the Carter Family. Cash performs the epic "Man in Black," as well as old faves like "A Boy Named Sue," "I Walk the Line," "Folsom Prison Blues" and more. Excellent sound and visual quality for a performance from 35 years past. From Legacy/Sony BMG.



Cash fans will also want to check out Hip-O Records' *Roots & Branches*, a compilation of 16 recordings from artists who influenced the Man in Black's amazing musical career. The wide array of all-star talent includes Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Roy Orbison, Ernest Tubb, Hank Williams, Kris Kristofferson, Anita Carter and more. Songs include "I Was There When It Happened," "Jackson" and "Cocaine Blues," just to name a few. —*T.F.*

BAYWATCH BEACH BUNNY ACTION

First Look Home Entertainment has released the first two seasons of *Baywatch* on DVD. Each set packs five discs of episodes from its NBC days in 1989 and 1991 (when *Baywatch* began a long run in syndication), many of which haven't been seen since their original airings.

The series launched the careers of sex symbols Pamela Anderson and Carmen Electra and featured a bevy of bodacious lifeguards running along the beach in slo-mo jigglecam, thus giving us an excuse to run some enticing promo pictures. —*T.F.*

Pamela Anderson and Yasmine Bleeth were always ready to perform CPR.

Pamela Anderson, Yasmine Bleeth and Gena Lee Nolin admiring journeyman staffer "Tex" Hagen in a Speedo?

THE BRONX'S NOT-SO-SHITTY FUTURE

You have the right to remain silent. The Bronx (left to right): Matt Caughthran, Joby J. Ford, Jorma Vik and James Tweedy.

In the tradition of L.A. punks Black Flag and the Germs, The Bronx bring a little bit of grit to sunny Southern California with their self-titled major label bow, a full-throttle blast of hell-bent fury.

Despite tunes like "Shitty Future," things are hardly bleak for the foursome, who appear as Black Flag in the upcoming Germs biopic, *What We Do Is Secret*. Founded by guitarist Joby J. Ford, The Bronx also numbers vocalist Matt Caughthran, bassist James Tweedy and drummer Jorma Vik, whose vomiting was part of the onstage maelstrom that helped spark a record-company bidding war.

"As kids we were always told how in the future there'd be hover boards and space travel," says Ford. "But instead, things have gone sideways and gotten more convoluted."

After signing with Island Records and then self-releasing an album on their own White Drugs label, the band undertook three world tours before returning to Los Angeles to record with noted producer Michael Beinhorn. The results range from blast-punk to groove to blues to Latin to junkie rock—as in the swaggering, Stones-like single "White Guilt." As Ford explains, "That's about the typical L.A. woman who moves here to pursue a career in acting or singing, only to end up with some douchebag shooting dope and sucking dicks for money."

A graphic designer of album covers, Ford went a step further by creating a 3-D "Bronx-O-Vision" stage set. "Not only will your ears bleed," he says of the 3-D specs handed out at gigs, "but your head will be fucked. We're thinking of selling aspirin at our shows."

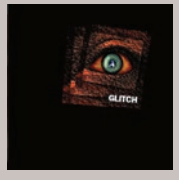
Happily married since December to his girlfriend of seven years, Ford admits that the two of them enjoy reading HUSTLER. "I've always liked their views on politics," he proclaims. "They point out things the regular media doesn't." Just like The Bronx.

—Roy Trakin

A SMATTERING OF INTRIGUING DISCS

MUSE
Black Holes and Revelations
Warner Brothers
Hailed by the British press as "the next Radiohead" since day one, the English trio comes into their own with an epic fifth album. Singer/guitarist Matthew Bellamy sounds like a cross between Thom Yorke and Queen's Freddie Mercury, backed by his band's passionate, orchestral prog-rock. The hit video for "Knights of Cydonia" references everything from Star Wars to spaghetti Westerns.
—Kevin Wright

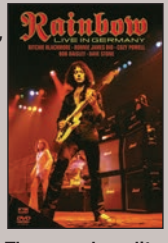
GLITCH
Glitch
self released



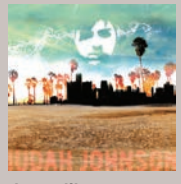
Sometimes the lyrics say it all: "Our leader is smiling. It's not his children dying." That is just a sample from Glitch's leadoff single "Star Spangled Kill Spree (the Greed)" from this truly powerful and smart CD.
—Keith Valcourt

KRISTIN ASBJORNSEN
Factotum: Music From the Motion Picture
Milan Records
You might not expect such a moody, ethereal soundtrack to a movie about a hard-drinking pussyhound, but it all comes together when Norwegian chanteuse-cum-composer Kristin Asbjornsen breathes refreshing melodies into raunchy Charles Bukowski's poems with her smoky voice.
—K.W.

RAINBOW
Rainbow Live in Munich 1977
Eagle Rock

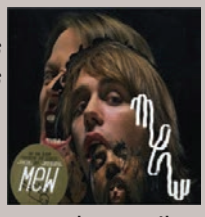


This is Rainbow at their peak—captured live on CD and DVD with Ronnie James Dio on vocals; the late, great Cozy Powell on drums; and the maestro Ritchie Blackmore on guitar. The sound quality is unbelievable. An absolute must-have for Rainbow fans.
—T.F.



JUDAH JOHNSON
Be Where I Be
Flameshovel Records
This indie four-piece from Detroit uses synths, samples and "fourtrackery" to add dreamlike textures to their otherwise-crisp guitar pop. Singing over mellow, multilayered soundscapes, frontman Daniel Johnson's bittersweet balladry borrows from Jeff Buckley, Elliott Smith and Sparklehorse.
—K.W.

MEW
And the Glass Handed Kites
Sony



On their fourth release, the Danish dreampoppers assault the cosmos with a celestial work of art. At times sparse and spacey, then delectably poppy, the disc is surprisingly cohesive and consistently solid. *—Michelle McCarthy*

BONUS SIX-PACK

Jodie Marsh

Victoria Silvstedt

Kate Bosworth

FAMOUS FLESH

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Madonna

Madonna, Jodie Marsh, Kate Bosworth & Victoria Silvstedt!

MADONNA IS NO STRANGER TO CONTROVERSY or public nudity. Thankfully, the over-the-hill pop singer hasn't let her matronly status get to her. As a shutterbug clicks away, the Material Girl-turned-mother of two enjoys a wet-T-shirt-packed day on Miami Beach. Strike a pose…*boobs!*

Jodie Marsh's ample breasts first graced our pages in the October '06 issue. Dubbed "the British Paris Hilton" by English tabloids (think talentless heiress-turned-reality star/party girl), **Marsh** loves to publicly show off her wares. We caught the flamboyant vixen in a perfectly revealing outfit as she wowed the red carpet at a London premiere.

Offering a picture-perfect example of what we like to call "a side boob shot" is superskinny **Kate Bosworth**. Seen on her big night at the U.S. premiere of *Superman Returns*, Hollywood's latest Lois Lane really let loose. The sultry actress also gave our lensman a glimpse at her graceful back. Sadly, he was unable to photograph **Kate**'s ass crack.

In case you missed the spectacle, smokin'-hot fashion model **Victoria Silvstedt** brought her awesome cans to the Cannes Film Festival in France. Look closely for a peek at her areolas, which yearn to make their own public appearance. *C'est magnifique!*

Got revealing pictures of a famous lady? Contact us by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com.*

"Everybody wants to use the Ann Coulter urinal."

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

BALD IS BEAUTIFUL ▶

Hey, you…yes, you with the thinning hair. Isn't it time to face the fact that you're going bald? Forget the hats. Why not man up and go the Bruce Willis route? Shave it off. The HeadBlade classic razor makes it easy. The revolutionary device allows you to skin your scalp quickly and safely. Simply insert your middle finger and gently drag the razor with nonslip rubber grips over the desired area with no pressure. The unit uses replaceable ***Gillette Atra*** and ***Schick Ultrex*** blades. Get **HeadBlade**. Or get a hat. Available at **HeadBlade.com**. Suggested retail price: $15.

FREQUENT FLYER ▲

It's a car! It's a plane! It's both! This amazing remote-controlled vehicle takes extreme performance to new heights. You can drive the **XPV Fly Wheels** over various surfaces (including concrete, grass or dirt) at speeds approaching 20 miles an hour. When it gets lift, the **XPV** can soar up to 200 feet at almost 30 mph. The sleek, lightweight and virtually indestructible vehicle—which doesn't require any assembly—is powered by an RC battery and four AA's in the controller. Or you can go with a lightweight, high-powered custom lithium polymer battery pack. Available at major toy and hobby stores. Suggested retail price for **XPV**: $59.99; battery pack: $29.95.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC ▶

This tiny and curvaceous gadget is the next wave in providing portable music and video. The **Zen V Plus** can hold up to 2,000 songs and hundreds of photo images and videos. For those of you tired of having to burn CDs to your PC and then download them, this player is for you. It has a bonus feature so you can connect to an in-line jack on the **Zen V Plus** and copy your CDs, records, beats and more directly to your player.

The **Zen V Plus** comes in either 1, 2 or 4GB of memory capacity and in a variety of colors. Welcome to the future. Welcome to **Zen**. Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price for 2GB model: $169.99.

HEY, DJ! ▲

With the new **iTRAX** mixing console from ***Gemini***, you are the DJ. This sleek unit allows you to mix music between two MP3 players and get the party started. It also features a phono line input switch so you can connect and mix a CD player or even a turntable. The **iTRAX** is equipped with composite video output on the back so you can use it to mix video content with the latest video iPods.

Other features include master volume control, dual VU meter display, user replaceable X-Fader, full-featured cue section and a microphone control panel with two-band EQ and volume control. Two iPods not included. Mix it up! Available at **GeminiDJ.com**. Suggested retail price: $229.95.

SOUND OFF ▲

This compact and stylish speaker system lets you share your personal music with everyone in the room. The custom tube body provides an authentic bass sound, surround-effect button, high-efficiency drivers and a full-function remote control. Available in both white and black. The unit is fully compatible with all iPod models, MP3 players, CD players, Nintendo DS and any other audio device with a standard headphone jack and runs on either an AC cord or batteries, meaning you can take it anywhere. Available at **iSound.net**. Suggested retail price: $99.95.

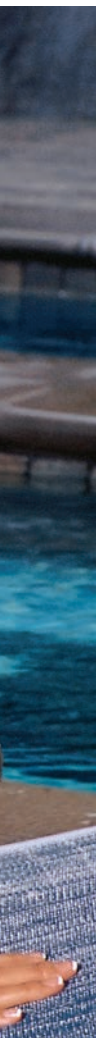
MYA LUANNA
WOMAN ON TOP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

MYA

They say that good things come in small packages, and the adage certainly applies to HUSTLER's new Contract Girl, Mya Luanna. Already a popular Vegas stripper, the compact cutie needed little urging to make a career move that almost seemed inevitable. Asked why she's a XXX star and not a secretary, dental hygienist or trucker, Mya replies, "The easy answer is I love to have sex. I really love it! I'm also very into sucking cock. There is nothing better than the feeling of a hard cock in my mouth. Being a porn actress is the greatest job I've ever had. I wouldn't want to have it any other way."

Even away from the camera, Mya is the consummate nympho, especially when things are going *her* way. "I have to be on top and in control at all times," she admits. "I also don't limit myself." Does that mean the appetizing Eurasian (as in Thai and French) is bi? "Oh, yeah!" Mya



"I'm also very into sucking cock. There is nothing better than the feeling of a hard cock in my mouth."

exclaims. “I love the way a woman feels, so soft, and I love a guy who can make me laugh and knows how to fuck—but he has to smell good.”

Smiling like the Cheshire Cat, she adds, “To get in bed with me, there’s one more requirement. A girl or guy must have great teeth. I’ve got kind of a fetish for bright, white, straight teeth.”

Sex clearly prevails in the doll’s day-to-day routine, but Mya gets her kicks in other ways, even if she has to relinquish control. “I love thrill rides like rollercoasters and free-fall machines,” says the energetic pixie, who works hard even when she’s off duty. “I play tennis and work out at the gym all the time. I want my body to look good for my lovers and my fans.”

What does the future hold for this sexy single? “Someday I’d like to own my own company. I can see myself as a businesswoman running the show. I just hope that sex is involved in some way.”

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MYA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Las Vegas, Nevada

AGE
"I'm proud to be 27!"

BIRTH SIGN
Virgo

EYES
dark brown

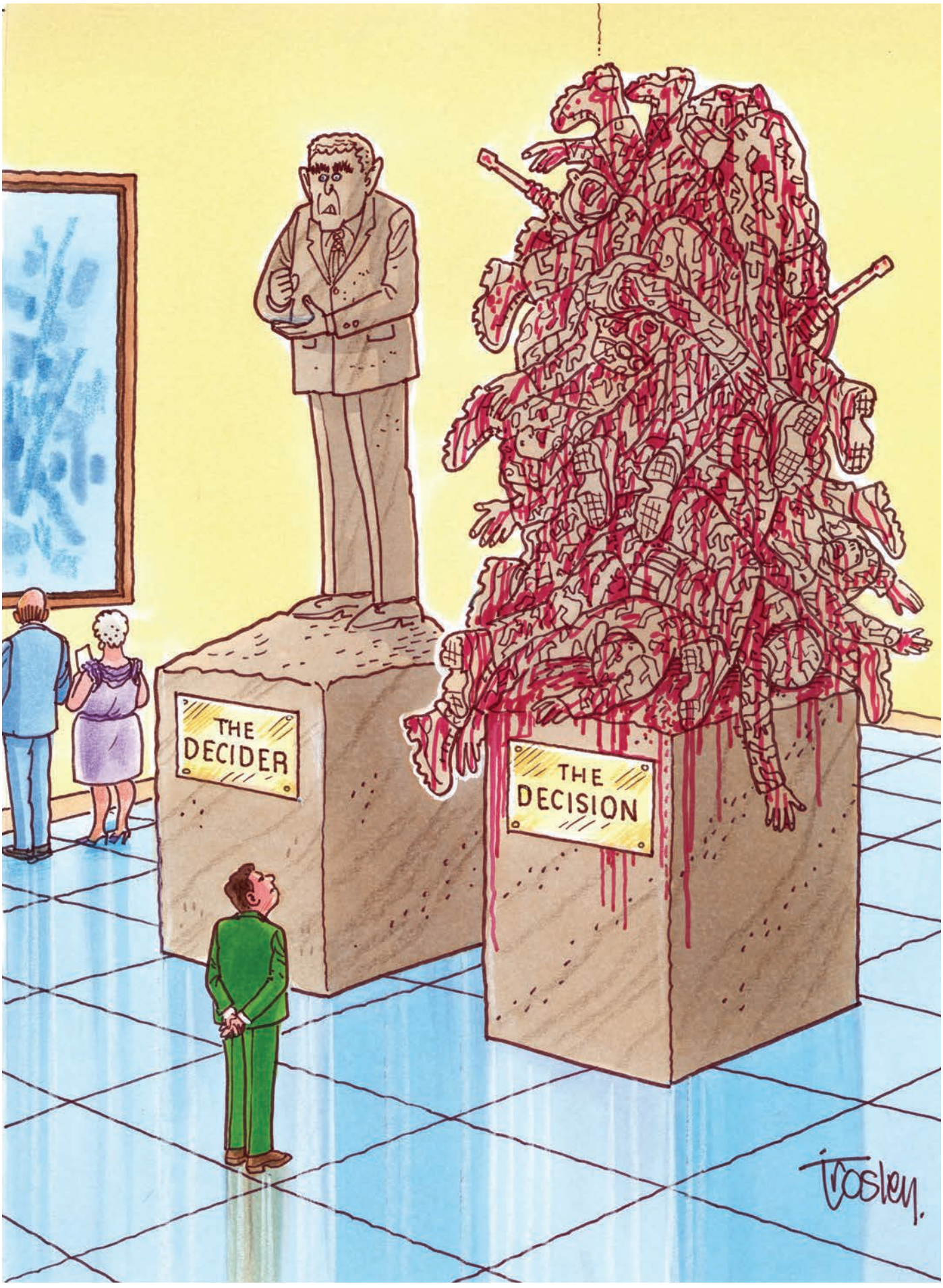
HAIR
dark brown

HEIGHT
5-2

WEIGHT
100

MEASUREMENTS
32C-23-34

See Mya Luanna make you wanna in *Asian Fever #29*, *Asian Fever #30*, *Breakin' the New Chick #2*, *Desperate Housewhores #3*, *HUSTLER'S Asian Persuasion*, *Sex Objects*, *The Darkside of Mya Luanna* and *Pin Up Honeys #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.


THE DECIDER
THE DECISION
Trosley.

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

NEOCON CRYBABIES

Charlie Padow finds that a pair of right-wing zealots with UCLA connections are bent on undermining academic freedom in America.

What is America's greatest problem? Millions of uninsured citizens? How about the widening gap between the rich and poor? Failed foreign policy?

Nope. According to UCLA alums Andrew Jones and Ben Shapiro, the number-one concern facing this nation is the supposed "liberal indoctrination" of college students. Operating independently, each has launched a crusade to stop left-leaning thought on campuses—you know, lessons in equality, social responsibility and environmentalism.

So who are these idealists, and what are their goals?

The first half of what I've dubbed the "Dirty Duo," Andrew Jones, gained repute as an outspoken right-winger while an undergrad. After getting his diploma in 2003, the political science major continued his agenda. Addressing what he felt was an "exploding crisis of political radicalism on campus" (i.e., liberal thought), Jones founded the conservative Bruin Alumni Association (BAA). Since its inception, the tax-exempt nonprofit has raised more than $36,000.

Jones's first major project was UCLAProfs.com, which set off national shockwaves in January '06 when the Web site offered $100 a pop to students willing to record the lectures of "abusive" radical professors. Jones quickly retracted the offer after several prominent BAA advisory board members defected, and UCLA lawyers deemed that the recording of lectures could violate copyright infringement.

Of course, Jones is no stranger to controversy. As head of the Bruin Republicans, Jones once mocked supporters of affirmative action by holding a bake sale with rolling prices based on the customer's gender and ethnicity. He maintains that UCLAProfs.com provides students something akin to *Consumer Reports* for faculty members, yet the site is almost comical in its lack of objectivity. The neocon's profiles, dubbed the "Dirty Thirty," read like Bill O'Reilly's childish name-calling. In particular, Jones criticizes professors for "anti-American blamestorming," "anti-Israel activism" and being "militantly pro-lesbian."

But according to Sondra Hale, a "Dirty Thirty" UCLA professor of anthropology and women's studies, Jones hasn't even personally observed those being profiled. "He is criticizing us for our activism and statements outside the classroom," Hale complains. "[He's] surfing the Web to find petitions we signed…quoting from speeches."

Adds Karra Bikson, who's pursuing a Ph.D. in social welfare at UCLA, "Our campus has devolved into a self-censoring, discourse-avoidant environment."

And then there's UCLA alumnus Ben Shapiro, author of *Brainwashed: How Universities Indoctrinate America's Youth*. He also has an ax to grind with "leftie" profs. The 22-year-old orthodox Jew, syndicated columnist and Harvard Law student writes that liberals' influence on America's youth is "one of the greatest problems facing our country."

PHOTO BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

Hard-liner Ben Shapiro, a UCLA grad and author of *Brainwashed: How Universities Indoctrinate America's Youth*, bemoans academia's supposed liberal bias.

Like the Jones Web site, Shapiro's book is a series of attacks on various beliefs championed by many scholars, such as affirmative action, socialism and environmentalism.

Shapiro, who charges $5,000 for speaking engagements, is not to be trusted. Even his book is questionable. Spapiro was criticized for changing the context of a letter in *Brainwashed* that had been sent to the UCLA campus newspaper's "Viewpoint" section by English professor Robert Watson. In his book, Shapiro writes that Watson "describes radical leftism as 'the determination to ask hard questions about the things a society has been most comfortable assuming.'" Watson's original published letter read, "*If you decide to characterize as radical-leftist* the determination to ask hard questions about the things a society has been most comfortable assuming, then…." By dropping the thrust of Watson's statement, Shapiro demonized the professor.

As a "solution to liberal bias," Shapiro supports the Academic Bill of Rights, written by David Horowitz, which would give state and federal agencies control of curricula, teaching and hiring in both public and private schools. Backed by conservative intellectuals, the Academic Bill of Rights is now making its way through state legislatures. "It's done a wonderful job of focusing the debate on the issue that matters: the indoctrination of students," Shapiro asserts.

"He's fearless," Horowitz said of Shapiro in 2004. "He's part of a new generation that you can't intimidate." [*A fiery Q&A with David Horowitz begins on page 36.*]

Despite insisting on "academic freedom," neocons like Shapiro, Jones and Horowitz have one true intention—limiting liberal viewpoints. With increasing conservative control of government, business and the media, are open-minded liberals really the forces we should fear?

Charlie Padow—a University of California, Santa Cruz graduate—is a freelance writer and political cartoonist who's pursuing a master's degree in social welfare at UCLA.

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.

HOOK UP
TONIGHT
With
HOT GIRLS
AND THE SEXIEST
PORNSTARS!
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!
Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!
These girls are Ready & Willing
to do ANYTHING FOR YOU!
We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

COMELY TRIO

SUNG TO THE MELODY OF "THREE TIMES A LADY" BY LIONEL RICHIE

Yes, look once, twice,
here's three times
the ladies.
And they love to screw.

Thanks to these chicks for
getting together.
The images are burned
in our minds.
And now as they come
At the side of the pool, oh!
Wow! All three have
asses fine.

Yes, there's once, twice,
three times the ladies.
And they love to screw.
They love to screw.

When they all get together!
These photo moments
we treasure.
Watching triple lesbo-pleasure
with every lick of their twats.
Man, are these broads hot!

We love once, twice,
three times the ladies.
And they love to screw.
They love to screw....

KIRSTEN PRICE, SAMANTHA

THREE TIMES

RYAN & AUGUST A LADY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

See an unladylike Kirsten Price (left) give it up in *Sex Trap*, Samantha Ryan (center) keep on giving in *HUSTLER Centerfolds #6*, *Barely Legal Innocence #5*, *Cum Swappers #6*, *Mr. Pete's Bitches in Heat #2* and *Double the Pleasure #1* and August (right) give her all in *A History of Porn*, *Biker Chicks Cum Easy #2*, *Cheerleader School*, *Dez's Dirty Weekend #4*, *Young Latin Girls #4* and *Young Tight Latinas #1* from HUSTLER Video. Call 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

*Marco Banderas should offer **Barely Legal #61**'s Cameron a shoehorn.*

***Barely Legal #61:** Amanda West fires up Tommy Gunn.*

Barely Legal #61

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** ANDRE MADNESS. **STARRING:** GINGER LEE, AMANDA WEST, AUBREY BANKS, CAMERON, JEANIE MARIE, TONY T., TOMMY GUNN, JEAN VAL JEAN, MARCO BANDERAS AND STEVEN ST. CROIX.

The late, great HUSTLER photographer Clive McLean directed the first 50 volumes of the best-selling *Barely Legal* series. Finding the cutest new girls in the biz and bringing out their wild sides is now up to Andre Madness, who superbly carries on Clive's legacy in *Barely Legal #61*. One glimpse at petite Southern belle Ginger Lee and you know a star is born. She's just as adorable with her clothes on as she is fuckable after taking them off. Steven St. Croix pounds Jeanie Marie in the ass *before* her pussy—just the way the nymphet likes it. If you're dying to see Kirsten Dunst do porn, check out her doppelgänger, Aubrey Banks. Aubrey may *look* innocent in a schoolgirl outfit, but she likes it a little rough. Plus, Daisy Dukes fan Cameron has her tight little buns christened with cum in her first dirty movie ever. Check out the 20-minute behind-the-scenes featurette to get even more up-close and personal with the impossibly precocious and charismatic stars of *Barely Legal #61*. ***—Penny Wise***

*"Was that extra polish?" Isabel Ice gets her face detailed in **Carwash Angels: Wet 'N Wild**.*

*Pretty Isabel Ice heads up the **Carwash** customer support team.*

***Carwash Angels:** Kacey Villainess (kneeling) has Leah Lexington's Sapphic suds flowing.*

*Gabriella Banks needs a run through the **Carwash**.*

Jim Holliday's Carwash Angels: Wet 'N Wild

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** JANE WATERS. **STARRING:** KACEY VILLAINESS, LEAH LEXINGTON, ISABEL ICE, GABRIELLA BANKS, SAMANTHA ROXX, KELLY BROOX, JON DOUGH, JAY HUNTINGTON, VAN DAMAGE, NICK MANNING AND WILLIAM MARGOLD.

The late Jim Holliday was one of those guys who stuck to the simple axioms of porn: Cast a bunch of hot-looking chicks who love to suck and fuck, competently light and photograph the festivities, end of story. Not quite. VCA has wisely packaged Holliday's 1995 flick *Carwash Angels* (whose huge cast includes Juli Ashton and Jill Kelly) with a brand-new version. As the spin-off begins, venerable William Margold meets (not meats) his all-female crew, which spends relatively little time making grimy vehicles squeaky-clean. After the obligatory peek at scantily clad cuties soaping up customers' cars and themselves, the hard-core action commences—and not just in the car wash line itself. Director Jane Waters carries Holliday's torch with a bevy of hotties who look more like girls-next-door than whores. Excelling in the knob-polishing department, Isabel Ice takes my best harlot honors. With an abundance of naughty babes and steamy sex, you'll be lathering yourself.

—Jimmy "Papa" DeBohner

*Aubrey Addams blows more than your mind in **Eight Simple Rules**.*

*Adrianna Faust makes a deal with dick in **Eight Simple Rules for Banging My Teenage Daughter**.*

*Baby-faced newcummer Aubrey Addams grows up fast in **Eight Simple Rules for Banging My Teenage Daughter**.*

Eight Simple Rules for Banging My Teenage Daughter

LETHAL HARDCORE. **DIRECTOR:** STONEY CURTIS. **STARRING:** JEANIE MARIE, AUBREY ADDAMS, ADDISON ROSE, ADRIANNA FAUST, TIA TANAKA, STEVEN FRENCH, TALON, NICK EAST, DONNY LONG, RICK MASTERS AND DIRTY HARRY.

As far as satire goes, *Eight Simple Rules for Banging My Teenage Daughter* isn't very timely. Besides, if any John Ritter sitcom were ripe for a porn spoof, *Three's Company* would top the list. But since Adrianna Faust and Tia Tanaka weren't even legal when *Eight Simple Rules* went off the air in 2005, this XXX flick was definitely worth the wait. Both young newbies debuted in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* series and quickly turned pro. Adrianna's a luscious Latina with a sweet rack and a bad-girl streak. Tia's an Asian hottie with an angelic face and a tight twat who gives it up to two older guys. At one point she takes Dirty Harry's cock out of her mouth and says, "Wait, this isn't right. You're my stepdad!" But Tia continues sucking. Throw in Jeanie Marie doing anal and the fact that rules are made to be broken, and *Eight Simple Rules for Banging My Teenage Daughter* is naughty fun for the whole perverted family. ***—Kevin Wright***

Rebelle Rousers: *Dragonlily puts those spare clothespins to good use.*

Rousers: *Angie Savage and Devon Savage tie one on.*

The Savages really let loose in ***The Rebelle Rousers.***

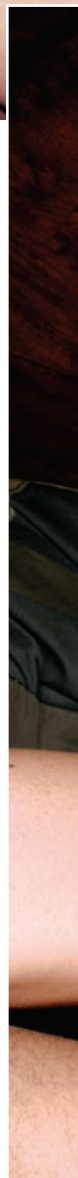
The Rebelle Rousers

VIVID-ALT. **DIRECTOR:** OCTAVIO WINKYTIKI. **STARRING:** KIMBERLY KANE, PAGE MORGAN, MYSTI MAY, LEXI BARDOT, NADIA STYLES, ANGIE SAVAGE, SMOKIN' MARY JANE, DRAGONLILY, MASUIMI MAX, MR. PETE, BARRY SCOTT, DAMON PIERCE, DEVON SAVAGE AND TYLER KNIGHT.

Drive-in sexploitation flicks, '50s pinups, rockabilly and tiki culture all inspired Octavio Winkytiki's ultrastylish offering. Starring as the switchblade-popping leader of a sexy girl gang, Kimberly Kane has her way with naive sock-hopper Nadia Styles, inserting all manner of objects into the cutie's ass. Anal is high on the agenda, as two guys tear Lexi Bardot a new asshole. Nothing's off limits either, as Dragonlily gets strung up in a moment of extreme bondage. Later, pre-integration Southern belles Mysti May and Page Morgan double-team a black man, with Mysti screaming "Woo-o-o-o!" like she's on a rollercoaster. Although Kimberly and Nadia go to town for almost 40 minutes, the blueballing striptease by Bettie Page-esque Smokin' Mary Jane ends all too abruptly. Nitpicks aside, *The Rebelle Rousers* is tailor-made for grindhouse-loving hipsters. ***—K.W.***

*Missy Monroe takes **The DaVinci Load**.*

***I Just Fucked Your Mother**: That's the way we like to see Alexi Carrington—on her knees!*



The DaVinci Load

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** JEROME TANNER. **STARRING:** JOEY HART, MISSY MONROE, TORY LANE, HALEY PAIGE, CHARLOTTE STOKELY, EVA ANGELINA, JASMINE TAME, MICHELLE MAYLENE, SCOTT NAILS, STEVE HOLMES, JAMES DEEN, CLAUDIO MELONI AND EVAN STONE.

Jerome Tanner's take-off on the popular whodunit involves a secretive cult called the Priory of Semen, which for centuries has collected the splooge of various historical figures. From a scholarly penile profiler (Missy Monroe), we learn that the *Mona Lisa* is laced with Leonardo DaVinci's own cum! No wonder the lady's smiling. You'll be smiling too, because as a murder mystery unravels, the sex is over the top. Demonstrating her cockamamie theories, Monroe takes on two male students, culminating in a torrid D.P. and dual loads on her specs. Still, the XXX feature is just heating up. Starting with a blowjob in the back of an ice cream truck, alluring Joey Hart and conspirator James Deen sizzle like the fireplace behind detective Haley Paige when she later seduces professorial Evan Stone. A flashback offers Tory Lane getting boned in the art museum from which the *Mona Lisa* was stolen. Finally, a nude Eva Angelina (as the Prioress) is worshipped by five of her heavenly acolytes, leading to a mind-blowing lesbo orgy. Bravo!

—J.P.D.

I Just Fucked Your Mother

RED LIGHT DISTRICT. **DIRECTOR:** DAVID LUGER. **STARRING:** VANESSA VIDEL, ROBIN PACHINO, ALEXI CARRINGTON, JERRIKA MICHAELS, JILLIAN FOXXX, DAVID LUGER, CLAUDIO MELONI AND ANDREW ANDRETTI.

I Just Fucked Your Mother drives five exits past MILF territory to the Grannyville border with a cast of genuine "older" broads. At 42, Vanessa Videl is one of the movie's youngest trollops and one of the hottest. Her dirty talk needs work, but her bedroom skills speak for themselves. Robin Pachino is a sweet and sensual 50-year-old who likes to lick assholes and has interesting orgasms. Sporting superinflated boobs, Alexi Carrington gives Claudio Meloni such a great titty-fuck that Andrew Andretti horns in for a quick nut-buster. Director David Luger clearly appreciates these mature vixens, as he demonstrates by fucking almost all of them himself. Since the guy with the camera can't keep his dick in his pants, the sex is shot almost entirely in first-person POV. Luger takes his sweet time, too. The five scenes consume more than three entertaining hours. *I Just Fucked Your Mother* is made for real over-40 fans by a real over-40 fan.

—K.W.

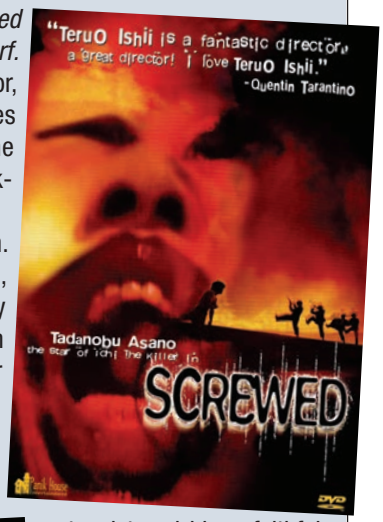
***DaVinci Load**'s Missy Monroe is one hole short of being hermetically sealed.*

***I Just Fucked Your Mother**'s Ms. Carrington proves you're never too old to suck dick and screw.*

***Blind Beast vs. Killer Dwarf:** "A veritable circus of the insane."*

PANIK BUTTON

PANIK HOUSE, the fine purveyor of Asian erotic cinema, has made its catalog even more impressive with the addition of two Teruo Ishii masterpieces, *Screwed* and *Blind Beast vs. Killer Dwarf*. "Teruo Ishii is a fantastic director, a great director!" declares Quentin Tarantino, touting the Japanese underground filmmaker. "I love Teruo Ishii."


"Teruo Ishii is a fantastic director, a great director! I love Teruo Ishii."
-Quentin Tarantino
Tadanobu Asano
the star of Ichi the Killer in
SCREWED

We second that emotion. Originally released in 1998, *Screwed* is considered by many to be the ultimate cult film from the Land of the Rising Sun. For this major opus, Ishii collaborated with some of his country's most twisted creative minds to tell a tale of an impoverished cartoonist and his unfaithful girlfriend. When the fellow retreats to the mountains and finds another love interest, surrealism and psycho sexuality hit the fan.

Teruo Ishii passed away in 2005, leaving as his epitaph 2001's *Blind Beast vs. Killer Dwarf*. Like its predecessors, Ishii's bizarre and excessive grand finale is packed with lots of naked chicks and bloodshed in what Panik House calls "a veritable circus of the insane."

Director's cuts of both *Screwed* and *Blind Beast vs. Killer Dwarf* are now available at PanikHouse.com.

Destination Dirtpipe: Aaralyn Barra shows us how to ride a Harley.

Aaralyn Barra—earning a living on her back.

Dirtpipe: Katja Kassin just wishes Mark Ashley would wipe the thing off after taking it out of Kermit's ass.

Katja Kassin gets a mouth stretcher in **Destination Dirtpipe**.

Destination Dirtpipe

ELEGANT ANGEL. **DIRECTOR:** WILLIAM H. **STARRING:** KATJA KASSIN, MONICA SWEETHEART, MELISSA LAUREN, NAOMI, AARALYN BARRA, MARK ASHLEY, MARCO BANDERAS, SCOTT NAILS, BILLY GLIDE AND SASCHA.

Destination Dirtpipe should have been titled *Destination Cakehole*. Why? This anal-themed, all-sex flick caters to a dessert fixation as a bevy of mouthwatering babes have frosting and whipped cream smeared all over their bodies. Aaralyn Barra gets the worst of it with a faceful of chocolate syrup, frosting and sprinkles before being cum-glazed. Luscious Monica Sweetheart catches a guy fucking a cake *American Pie*-style and has to ask, "Why don't you fuck *me*?" Director William H.'s penchant for big, round asses is the only saving grace. If you look up *badonkadonk butt* in the dictionary, you'll find a picture of Naomi. Plus, Melissa Lauren just isn't Melissa Lauren without a dick in her ass. She takes to butt sex like a duck to water. And since Katja Kassin has worked hard to slim down, why make her suck a frosting-smeared cock? *Destination Dirtpipe* has a great cast, but could gross out even the biggest sweet tooth. **—K.W.**

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TERAVISION'S
SEXXXPOSE LEXIE MARIE

RED LIGHT'S
PORN STAR CASTING COUCH

EVIL ANGEL'S
MY GIRLFRIEND'S BREAST FRIEND

HARMONY'S
YOUNG HARLOTS IN LONDON

JULES JORDAN'S
INVASIAN!

RED LIGHT'S
YOUNG TIGHT LATINAS #7

HUSTLER'S
JESSICA JAYMES REVEALED

HUSTLER'S
DESPERATE HOUSE TRAMPS #6

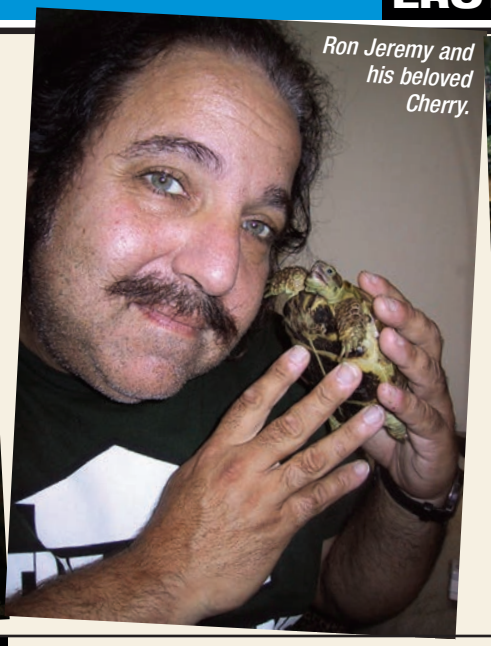
VCA'S
UP MY GHETTO WAY

HUSTLER'S
GIRL + GIRL #10

EVIL ANGEL'S
SERVICE ANIMALS 23

See Lexie Marie in **Teravision's SeXXXpose**.

Air Force Amy, who works at a Nevada cathouse, cuddles up with Mufasa.



Ron Jeremy and his beloved Cherry.

XXX star Taylor Wane has nice puppies, eh?

PORN PETOPHILES

YOU KNOW WHAT THE BEST THING ABOUT PETS IS? They don't mind if you're fat, a loser or some dork who just sits around in his underpants and watches *Bewitched* reruns. They don't care if you've been fucked in the ass 120 times or blown more guys than Andy Dick. Fluffy will always be there for you, as long as you take her to the vet on the way to your weekly blood test.

Margie Schnibbe's exhaustive, heartwarming documentary *Pornstar Pets* visits almost two dozen XXX luminaries at home with their four-legged friends. Much like Paris Hilton fawning over her Chihuahua Tinkerbell, hard-core actress Taylor Wane spoils her pooches. Instead of cheapo canned food, the British bombshell offers her terrier Buddy a homemade spicy seafood dish, which is a lot more than any of us will get no matter how hard we beg. And who would have thought that Ron Jeremy, who's boned more women than he can count, could affectionately bond with a turtle named Cherry? It's all here and more in *Pornstar Pets,* which gives new meaning to the term *Show me your pussy.*

Retired French starlet Rebecca Lord has gone to the dogs.

Russ Meyer bosom queen Kitten Natividad and her hairy-old pussy.

You can tell that Brittany Andrews knows her way around a pussy.

CA
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OF

SSIE
RTLAND
H OUT
WATER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

CASSIE COURTLAND

When we catch up with this XXX star for some tantalizing chitchat, the little darling has some terrible news. "I've been at it over a year," Cassie declares, "and my body is tired from fucking all the time on film. I'm leaving the sex industry behind to pursue my passion and go back to school." While we study Cassie's adorable naked body in what may be her HUSTLER finale, she adds, "I want to complete my degree in forensic science. I hope within two years' time to become a forensic scientist. You know, like the ones on *CSI*."

Although Cassie is tired of screwing for the camera, the Southern belle admits that she still enjoys getting it on in private. "I love sex," she coos, "and I guess you can say I'm a little bi. There is nothing hotter than being rammed from behind doggy-style by a hot guy. That makes me come like crazy, but I also enjoy the touch and taste of a woman."

Is Cassie really out of porn for good? "I know you should never say never," she reckons, "but I think I'm done. If I did come back, it would be just to do girl-on-girl stuff." Well, sweetheart, we're sure sad to see you go. At least we'll have the memories—and some awesome hard-core videos!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

CASSIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Atlanta, Georgia

AGE
23

BIRTH SIGN
Capricorn

EYES
brown

HAIR
blond

HEIGHT
5-1

WEIGHT
100

MEASUREMENTS
34A-24-32

"There is nothing hotter than being rammed from behind doggy-style by a hot guy. That makes me come like crazy, but I also enjoy the touch and taste of a woman."

See Cassie get sassy in *Barely Legal All Girl Slumber Party*, *Barely Legal Corrupt #5*, *Barely Legal Innocence*, *Cum Envy*, *HUSTLER Centerfolds #6*, *Devil Made Me Do It* and *Whores Don't Wear Panties* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.